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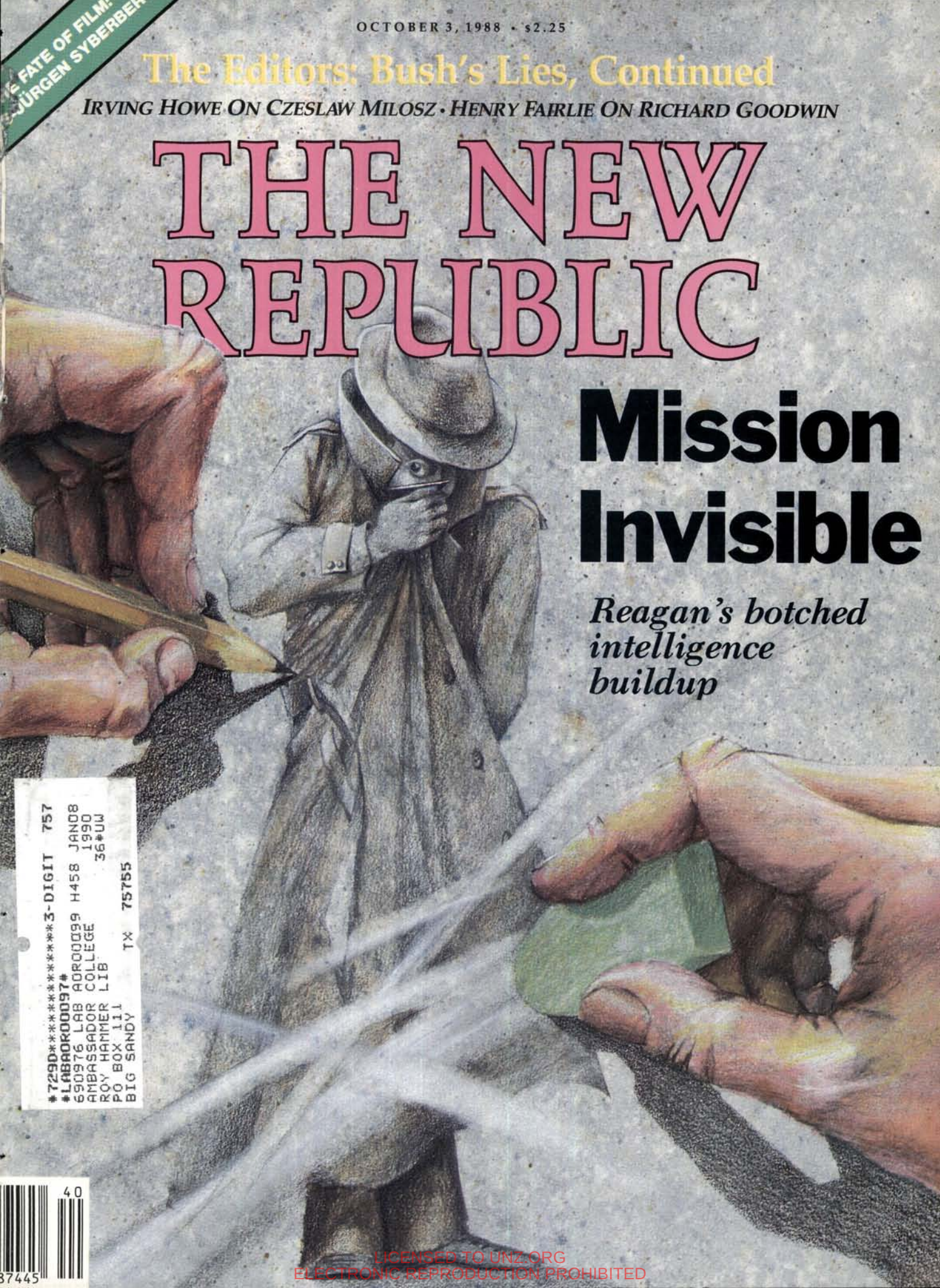
THE NEW REPUBLIC



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,846

WASHINGTON, D.C. — OCTOBER 3, 1988

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

I Hear America Chatting

"If you want to touch something *basic* in your audience," says the full-page ad in the 1988 edition of the *Directory of Experts, Authorities and Spokespersons* (also known as the "Talk Show Guest Directory"), "... move them to *action*: phone, write, praise, damn, cheer, etc.... Then you need to present—REAL, LIVE COMMUNISTS ON YOUR SHOW!" Yes, it's the "public relations/media" office of the Communist Party of the United States, offering to provide "honest-to-goodness, dues-paying members of the CPUSA" to the nation's masses of TV and radio talk show producers.

The talk show industry is enjoying a small crisis of conscience these days over the revelation that two actors managed to get on the Oprah Winfrey, Geraldo Rivera, and Sally Jesse Raphael shows by pretending to be a sex therapist and her "cured" patient. The "Talk Show Guest Directory"—a fat paperback that looks like the yellow pages of a middle-sized town—is a delirious illustration of how the hunger for publicity levels us all. Harvard University and the Communist Party, the National Turkey Federation ("serving the nation's turkey industry") and the Simon Wiesenthal Center ("Holocaust Education/Human Rights"), the American Sunbathing Association (nudists), the Prisoner Appreciation Society (celebrating an old TV show, not the Massachusetts furlough program), UNICEF, the South Central Connecticut Regional Water Authority, and one Elliot Essman (self-described as "the Cyrano de Bergerac of the Computer Age") all buy space to beg for a chance to go on TV.

A few self-promoters attempt poetry ("THE EYES HAVE IT," headlines the American Optometric Association), but most simply list the topics on which they wish to expound. If you'd like, the Center for Home Organization and Interior Space will send someone to talk on the subject "If You Can't Find It, You Don't Own It." Harvard's Kennedy School of Government frantically offers experts "on virtually any topic concerning government and public policy." By contrast Dr. William Campbell Douglass maintains a bit more dignity, offering to discuss only six specific matters, such as "Are the Soviets Responsible for the AIDS epidemic?" and the seemingly contradictory "Was the AIDS virus invented at Fort Detrick, Maryland?"

Many would-be talk show guests offer testimonials. A woman calling herself "Laura X"—a professional rape victim who apparently seeks publicity and anonymity at the same time—claims to have been "commended by the Surgeon General, *Mademoiselle*, and the World Congress of Victimology." Nancy Friedman, "the Telephone Doctor" ("What Doctor Ruth does for the bedroom," she asserts ambiguously, "the Telephone Doctor does for the phone"), notes that a local TV station called her "bubbly and sharp on the air." Washington's own Heritage Foundation brags that it has been "called the 'brain center' of U.S. conservatism by the Soviet news agency Tass."

The two sex-therapy fakers have only enhanced their talk-show-ability by conning three talk shows. Now those very shows want them back to say how they did it. But in the no-such-thing-as-bad-publicity stakes, these people are no match for the Revolutionary Communist Party (a Maoist, anti-Soviet sect not to be confused with the Communist Party), which actually trumpets its affiliation with "the 'Shining Path' guerrillas of Peru," possibly the bloodiest group of lunatics currently loose in the world. Carl Dix, the party's spokesperson, has all the necessary talk show guest qualifications: he's "an experienced revolutionary leader," he's "an accomplished public speaker" who has debated Patrick Buchanan on CNN's "Crossfire," and he's the author of a pamphlet with the intriguing title *Jesse Jackson: The Right Stuff for U.S. Imperialism*.

The index of the "Talk Show Directory," which lists thousands of available topics in alphabetical order, nicely captures both the diversity of American life and the moral and intellectual agnosti-

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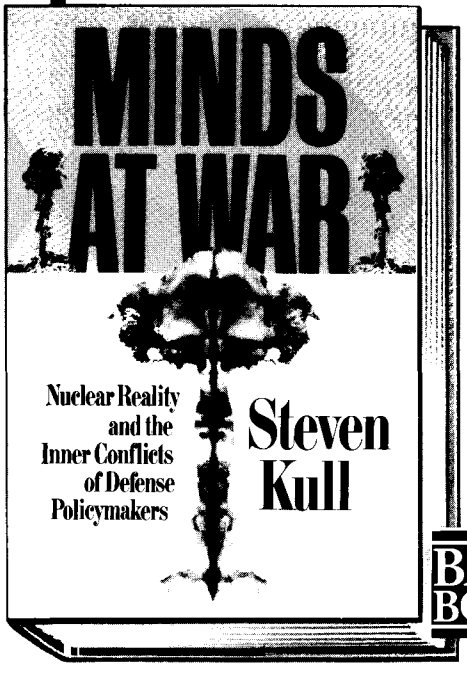
"Probes the contradictions in the mindsets of nuclear strategists." – ROBERT J. LIFTON



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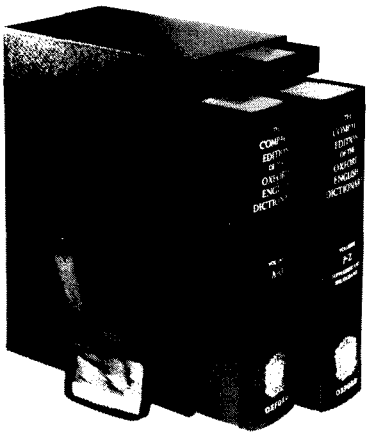

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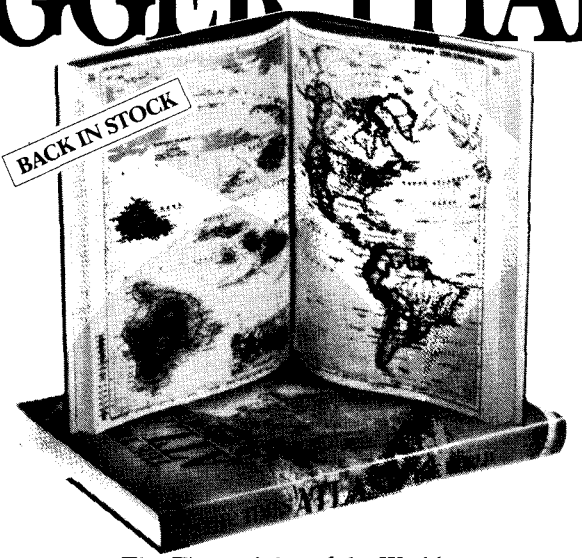

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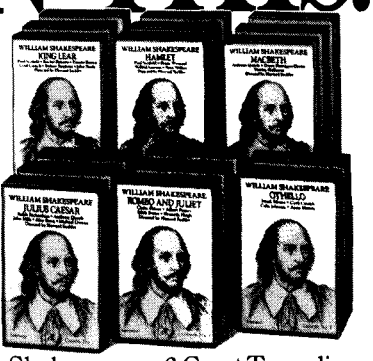

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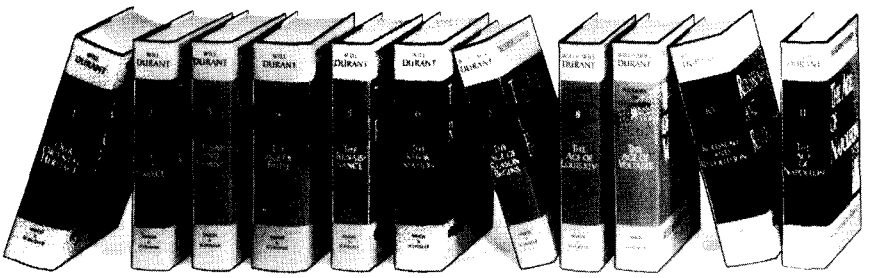

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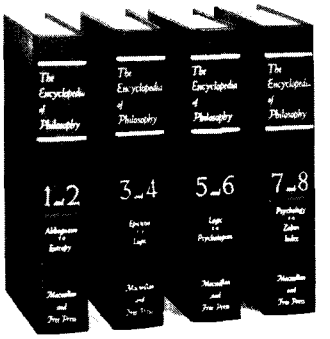

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CORRESPONDENCE

AMENDED WATCH

To the editors:

To make the case that Americas Watch is politically biased in reporting on El Salvador and Nicaragua ("Broken Watch," August 22) Morton M. Kondracke misstates the facts. He says we "issued a report" on Nicaragua in May 1986 asserting that Americas Watch knew of only "two cases of political prisoners." False. The purported report was a memorandum, sent to groups that published counts of "political prisoners" with the goal of identifying cases for possible inclusion in a report. We specified the two cases to illustrate our interest in prisoners incarcerated for political expression, as opposed to the captured *contras* that the groups included in their lists.

Kondracke says, "Americas Watch counts the number of 'prisoners of conscience' at 'a handful.'" We issued no count. I told Kondracke we consider the seven Nicaraguans jailed for organizing a July 10 demonstration to be "political prisoners." But we issued no count because we lack information about whether some still imprisoned as *contras* were actually confined for peaceful expression.

Kondracke asserts that while in El Salvador "under Duarte" there was a "reduction in death squad killings from 400 a month in 1981 to 24 in all of 1987," Americas Watch declared this March that "the human rights situation remained as bleak as ever." This is misleading. To begin with, if figures are cited on killings under Duarte, the comparison should be to 1984, since Duarte became president that June. In the first half of 1988, 35 civilians were killed by death squads, virtually the same number as during Duarte's first six months. During the same period there were, not including civilians killed during military operations, 48 killed by uniformed troops, 27 by the guerrillas, and 40 by mines (most of which are attributable to the guerrillas). We feel that justifies saying the situation is "as bleak as ever."

Kondracke quotes Americas Watch as writing to Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega that "we applaud lifting of the state of emergency" but complains that we never sent such a letter to El Salvador's president, even though "Duarte had lifted the state of emergency long before Ortega got around to it." False. Duarte did not lift the state of emergency. It expired despite his efforts to maintain it because there was a legislative strike by right-wing parties and not enough votes to pass the renewal.

Kondracke builds his case that Americas Watch is biased by criticizing us for not adopting *his* bias. He says that "AW does not explain why peasants in some areas [of Nicaragua] decide to support the *contras*." But we also don't say why some support the Sandinistas, because any such comments are beyond the scope of a human rights group. He accuses us of indicting the Salvadoran government for abuses against "organized workers" even though most victims are adherents of unions "used by Communists." But it is of no moment to us whether unions are "used" by Communists or anyone else; what matters to a human rights group is their victimization. Kondracke labels a "cop-out" our refusal to judge the Sandinistas by their "nature" and our insistence on judging them, and the *contras*, by their practices. But basing reports on facts and not on the "nature" of a government is the essence of human rights work.

Even Kondracke concedes that the other components of Human Rights Watch, Helsinki Watch and Asia Watch, publish accurate, even-handed reports and that Americas Watch does the same elsewhere in the hemisphere. It is only our reporting on El Salvador and Nicaragua that does not comport with his biases, so he accuses us of bias.

ARYEH NEIER
Executive Director, Human Rights Watch
New York, New York

To the editors:

Kudos to Morton Kondracke for his much needed exposé of the atrocious job Americas Watch has done monitoring the human rights record of the Sandinistas. In late 1985 Lt. Jose Alvaro Baldizon of the Nicaraguan Interior Ministry defected and claimed to have knowledge of mass graves of civilians murdered by the Sandinista security forces in an area of the country restricted from foreign scrutiny. Americas Watch wasted no time expressing its doubt that any such graves existed but promised a full investigation. If any investigation did take place I would like to know the name of the Sandinista official who conducted it for them.

Following a visit in 1985 by an Americas Watch "investigative" team headed by Juan Mendez, a member of the nongovernmental Permanent Commission on Human Rights told David Asman of the *Wall Street Journal*: "The Sandinistas are laying the groundwork for a totalitarian society here yet all Mendez wanted to hear about were abuses by the *contras*. How can we get people in the U.S. to see what's happening here when so many of the groups who come down are pro-Sandinista?"

THOMAS DE MARTINO
Newark, New Jersey

THE FUNERAL FUND

To the editors:

In your discussion of ways to fund the next Democratic administration ("Funding the Democratic Vision," August 1), you left out an obvious choice. Vice President Bentsen could offer to attend funerals—at $10,000 a shot.

ROGER SWEENEY
Norwood, Massachusetts

DAY CARE-101

To the editors:

Robert Wright reasons against child-care subsidies for middle- and upper-income families with the "Econ-101 argument" that "the gain in societal efficiency [the economic value of work outside the home minus the value of work inside the home] is fully felt in the pocketbooks of the workers" ("Kids 'Я' U.S.," August 11). This logic would be strictly correct if there were not other distortions already in the tax code. Unlike earned income that is spent on household services, there is no tax on the imputed income from work inside the home, such as child care. Hence, there is a tax incentive (strongest for high-tax-bracket families) for one spouse to work at home. This implies that day-care subsidies might partially undo this distortion and improve economic efficiency—but no more so than would subsidies to all purchased household activities such as cleaning, food preparation, and repair services.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 3, 1988

THE GOODS ON WAGES

How many forms of deception can you find in this brief passage from George Bush's acceptance speech? "We've created 17 million new jobs in the past five years . . . and they're good jobs. The majority of them created in the past six years paid an average—*average*—of more than $22,000 a year."

(1) *Deceptive labeling*. The typical half-asleep home viewer doubtless took this to mean that the average pay for all new jobs was over $22,000. A careful reading reveals that Bush's speechwriter had cleverly combined the words "majority" and "average" to camouflage a less ambitious claim—that the average pay for the best-paying 51 percent of those jobs was over $22,000. (2) *Lies*. Even the less ambitious claim is unfounded. The Bush people dug up statistics showing that most of the new jobs were in fairly lucrative industries, whose salaries averaged around $22,000. They then made the plainly wrong assumption that newly created jobs pay the average industry wage. (3) *Technically true but grossly misleading facts*. Seventeen million jobs? Yes, over the past five years, jobs gained outnumbered jobs lost by 16.8 million. But during the administration's first two years, there was a net loss of a million jobs. (If the Republicans wish to avoid blame for the deep recession at the beginning of their tenure, they'll have to give up credit for the curbing of inflation that the recession achieved.) All told, job growth averaged barely over two million a year during the Reagan-Bush administration—less than the Carter administration's 2.8 million.

Michael Dukakis's assertion that jobs lost during the Reagan years significantly outpaid the jobs created during that period also has a jerry-built foundation. But Dukakis's logic is more plausible than Bush's, and, in any event, his deception-per-sentence rate is lower. More to the point, a sober assessment of the Reagan economic record confirms Dukakis's contention that it's nothing to brag about. By historical standards, the Reagan record lies somewhere between mediocre and bad. And Bush's claim that most Americans are better off now than they were in 1980 can be justified only with great strain.

Bush made much in his acceptance speech of the "record high rate of real personal income" reached under President Reagan. This is another tricky bit of wording. If it means real personal income hit a new high under Reagan, it's an unimpressive boast. Every president since Truman—including Jimmy Carter—has set that record; economic growth is the norm, after all. If Bush is suggesting that the *rate* of economic growth set a record under Reagan, he's lying.

The proper standard of invidious comparison between administrations is not "Are you better off?" but "How *much* better off are you?" And how much better off is the average family under Reagan? Not much. Median family income has grown overall since 1980, but by less than one percent a year in real terms. It now stands at $31,000 in 1987 dollars, right where it was 15 years ago. Only the recessions of the 1970s and early 1980s (the last of which deepened and finally bottomed out under Reagan, as family income dropped below $28,000) make this number look bright. It's true that real family income actually

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dropped slightly during the Carter administration—and during the preceding Nixon-Ford presidential term, for that matter. But from 1960 through 1973, it had grown by 3.3 percent a year. In the big picture, the Reagan years are a mere extension of the sluggish growth that started under Nixon.

When you look at the typical *worker*, rather than the typical household, Reagan's record looks even worse. Depending on the accounting methodology, real per-worker earnings have either barely risen, stagnated, or dropped during the Reagan years. How could workers be earning less if households are earning more? One answer is that more families are sending both spouses to work. In his acceptance speech, Bush noted with pleasure the "record high percentage of our people with jobs" and boasted that women were leading the economic "expansion." The question he didn't ask is how many women entered the work force enthusiastically and how many were forced into it to cope with hard economic times. The earnings gap between male and female—$26,000 vs. $17,000—suggests that not all working wives have come to the workplace in search of power and glamour.

The last bastion of Republican cheer over the economy is the fact that real per capita national income (the standard of living, roughly speaking) has grown at 2.1 percent a year under Reagan. Again, this is not great by historical standards (barely higher than during the preceding three presidential terms, and much worse than under Kennedy and Johnson), but it's better, at least, than the figures for family income. This turns out to be largely a demographic phenomenon. Because the baby boomers have grown up, the ratio of workers to children is higher than before, and because baby boomers are having fewer children than their parents, the ratio is higher still.

All told, then, what little prosperity average Americans have gleaned during the Reagan years has come in large

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	LOW INTEREST RATES	1	11
2.	OUT ON A LIMB	2	7
3.	BLOWING SMOKE	6	9
4.	TERM OF ENDEARMENT	—	1
5.	PUMPING IRONY	*	3
6.	GRIEF OF BAGHDAD	—	1
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1. LOW INTEREST RATES

The race. Why so much apathy? This is less a national campaign than a reply of Iowa. The race is turning on knee-jerk Heartland emotions; city people are out of it. Worse, the competition is essentially subliminal: waving GOP pom-poms, Fonda's belly button, ACLU cards. But why blame Bush for his base and cynical campaign? The pop media are getting their bites, and otherwise shutting up.

2. OUT ON A LIMB

Environment. At least Yellowstone's fires threw light on the catastrophic world forest situation. Bangladesh's problems lie partly in the deforested Himalayas, the Amazon rain forests are being burned off on purpose, the state of Scandinavian forests is a scandal, etc. You think this isn't heating up? The Grateful Dead are buying op-ed space to address the forest mess.

3. BLOWING SMOKE

Drug war. The drug blather level has risen enormously; now the Hill wants to execute pushers. Fine, only death is already a major occupational hazard in this field, and this is no threat. If legislators want to scare these guys, they need to go after the money, and that means some sort of legalization. Marijuana's value to glaucoma sufferers may get into this "debate."

4. TERM OF ENDEARMENT

Abortion '88. Anti-abortion protesters have turned up twice in recent stories: the Atlanta sit-in, and the heckling of Dukakis. In both cases, they have been treated entirely in terms of their nuisance value. Is the abortion debate over? Are those opposed to it now considered mere nuts? You would have thought the fetal tissue debate would have intensified this issue.

5. PUMPING IRONY

Olympics. If we don't do well in the medals race, whose fault will it be? The attention and respect given to sports here are pegged to money. U.S. athletes who excel in many Olympic events stay broke and ignored. If they fail to take a lucrative offer in some other sport, they're considered jerks. This is a detail of a major cultural problem: there's no such thing here as a calling.

6. GRIEF OF BAGHDAD

Iraq. The U.S. press is concentrating on reports of Iraqi genocide. The British press is concerned with Iraq's behavior at the Geneva talks. The French press notes Iraq's new role in keeping Lebanon stirred up. Now what? How does the West treat the Husseins whom it makes more powerful? Have we asked ourselves this question about the alleged post-Soviet Afghanistan?

7. JUNK BOUND

Drexel. You know what the Milken story means? It means the Ethics bubble has burst. This is a business-page story, not a front-page story; we've already wrung what we can out of previous insider-trading stories. There is a torrent of pseudo-issues bringing forth torrents of pseudo-self-scrutiny and pseudo-concern. Never mind where we left any given national debate, what's new?

8. LA BOMBA

Bilingualism. Don't look now, but we seem to be a bilingual nation. Cable networks and local TV stations are now using new stereo TV capabilities to simulcast in Spanish. We're passing a point of critical mass that may embed Spanish permanently. If so, it's a major event. Multilingual cultures establish socially destructive lingual caste systems. Is that where we're headed?

9. CHOSEN PEOPLE

Anti-Semitism. The Malek story was actually old news; that it passed so quickly was a sign of Bush's momentary strength. The ethnic outreach group, from which seven men resigned, is another matter. That's a lot of resignations, and it ought to have raised more questions than it did. Who are these groups to whom the GOP is pandering, and what is the nature of their conservatism?

10. OUR MATCHLESS FRIENDS

Smoking. Here comes Premier, the "smokeless" cigarette. It costs more than old-fashioned smokes, and early reports from smokers suggest that it tastes bad and smells like burning electrical wire. Is this the nadir of the smoking culture, or an apex for non-smoking social engineers? Or maybe it's the other way around.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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part from changes in lifestyle. Families have kept their standard of living growing by sending more wives into the workplace and fewer kids into the world. The upshot is that two American ideals so dear to George Bush and Dan Quayle—rising prosperity and a robust family—have been hard to reconcile under Reagan. In fact, the Reagan economy has done almost nothing for the mythic family of the Republican right—the Donna Reed household, where husband makes money and wife makes home. Essentially all the growth in family income has come from two-earner households. One of Dukakis's favorite applause lines—that Americans are having to work harder and harder to support themselves in the manner to which they're accustomed—contains much truth.

Dukakis's other main complaint—that the rich are getting richer while the poor are getting poorer—is also fair. The distribution of income is now the most uneven it's been since the government started keeping reliable numbers on the subject in the late 1940s. In 1986 the most affluent fifth of the nation got about ten times as much of the income dollar as the least affluent fifth—44 cents vs. 4.6 cents. In 1980 the numbers were 42 cents and 5.1 cents. The middle fifth has seen its share shrink during the Reagan administration from 17.5 cents to less than 17 cents.

As for the poverty rate, at 13.5 percent it doesn't look bad compared with the 15.2 percent it reached in 1983, but it's still worse than it ever got under Carter—or, indeed, under any president since the supposedly self-defeating Great Society legislation took effect in the late 1960s. At least as alarming as the large number of poor people is the fact that they are increasingly black and Hispanic. Between 1986 and 1987, economic expansion cut the poverty rate for whites to 10.5 percent, but for blacks the rate jumped from 31 percent to 33 percent. Half of the nation's black children (and one-fifth of all its children) are poor. Moreover, the poor increasingly live in predominantly poor neighborhoods. This problem—the emergence of a permanent, culturally isolated, and self-perpetuating underclass, immune to general economic prosperity, however great—is one neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have treated seriously.

In a way, it's unfair to blame Reagan for all the bad and so-so economic news on his watch—and it's unfair for Reagan and Bush to blame Carter for the same thing. If you step back and look at the various indices of prosperity and income distribution since World War II, you see them improve steadily for decades and then begin to sour around the early 1970s. Thereafter, any progress is halting, and the ups and downs bear no clear correspondence to the coming and going of particular presidents. The overall problem seems to lie less with traditional macroeconomic policies than with long-term changes, ranging from growing international competitiveness and the OPEC oil gouge to stubborn demographic trends. Such structural changes pose tough policy challenges for the next administration—a fact that Dukakis, at least, is aware of. Whatever you think of industrial policy and other Democratic proposals for getting the government more involved in the direction of the economy, they stand in refreshing contrast to Bush's blithe assurances that all is well. In fact, the policies of the Reagan administration, which Bush swears he'll continue, are not just ineffectual, but dangerous. More on this later.

Anti-Semitism, Left And Right

The discovery of seven aging Eastern European fascists in the Republican apparatus responsible for seeking out votes among the "unmeltable ethnics" has come as a tremendous boon to the Democrats. Along with the reprise of the well-known story that GOP deputy chairman Fred Malek, back in 1971, had failed to stand up to Richard Nixon's phobias about a conspiracy against him by Jewish intellectuals (a cabal in which Nixon at times included Henry Kissinger), the revelations have deflected attention from the circles where the truly salient anti-Semitism in American politics has been given sanctuary and sanction.

It's no secret that there is now comfortable haven for Jew-hatred on the left, including the left wing of the Democratic Party; among the black masses and some of their leadership, including elements in the Jackson campaign; and in the ranks of increasingly well-organized Arab activists.

There's no denying that there are still old-fashioned right-wing anti-Semites, primarily of European origins, nostalgic for dictators like Hungary's Admiral Horthy and resentful of the Jews as carriers of the twin viruses, cosmopolitanism and communism. But they lost their war when Hitler took poison in his Berlin bunker. Even the anti-Semitism of native-born bigots on the right—whose numbers, in contrast to those on the left, have dramatically declined in recent years—is rather abstract and altogether without an agenda. Neither of these two strains has demonstrated any palpable sway in the Republican Party, which in 1984 and again this year explicitly condemned anti-Semitism. This is more than can be said for the Democratic Party, which sidestepped the issue in both 1984 and 1988 out of deference to those in its orbit who might have taken offense.

Salient anti-Semitism is anti-Semitism with a program. One tenet of that program is the delegitimization of the Jewish national movement—about the only national movement that these people don't seem to thrill to. Another tenet—sometimes disguised, sometimes not—is that a just society would not have individuals from any group underrepresented or overrepresented in its positions of prestige and influence. This attack on talent was the central doctrine of the politics of resentment for which civilization (and the Jews) have already paid dearly. It's strange how some Democrats so alert to rather antique and anemic forms of anti-Semitism among the Republicans haven't noticed far more virulent forms in their own contemporary habitat. □

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NOTEBOOK

□ THE SLEAZEBALL WATCH: Any Bush administration would bring plenty of expertise to the war on drugs. After all, some of Bush's closest campaign advisers also have first-hand ties to the "drug kingpins" whom he likes to denounce so much. Now the *New York Times* has dredged up a story that Mark Hosenball first unearthed two years ago ("Getting Stoned," TNR September 1, 1986) about connections between Bahamian prime minister Lynden O. Pindling, whom the Justice Department may soon indict, and the consulting firm of Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly, three of whom are working for Bush. The *Times* story noted the firm's offer to the Bahamians of "back-channel" ties to the White House, which a Bush campaign spokesman dismissed as "the hyperbole of a sales pitch." Hyperbole is right. As Hosenball reported, what Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly ended up doing for the Bahamians was more pathetic than sleazy—like setting up a "First Ladies Drug Abuse Conference" in the Bahamas and pushing political risk insurance for U.S. companies investing in the islands. All that for only $800,000 a year.

□ COLONEL MUSTARD IN THE COCKPIT WITH A TIME BOMB:

Zia Death Probe Said To Indicate Sabotage

—*Washington Post*, September 11

No Sabotage Clues Seen in Zia Crash

—*New York Times*, same day

□ SECOND OPINION:

A Year Later, a Saner Market

—*New York Times*, August 25

A Year After Its Peak,
Stock Market Battles
A Pervasive Malaise

It's 'Still a Very Sick Puppy'

—*Wall Street Journal*, same day

□ LATE, LATE SUMMER READING: No one can say that TNR's contributing editors aren't prolific. We recommend Michael Walzer's *The Company of Critics: Social Criticism and Political Commitment in the Twentieth Century* (Basic Books); Anne Tyler's *Breathing Lessons* (Knopf); Robert Coles's *Harvard Diary: Reflections on the Sacred and the Secular* (Crossroads/Continuum). We also commend Mark Crispin Miller's *Boxed In: The Culture of TV* (Northwestern University Press).

□ LOCAL NEWS: With this issue we also welcome Jonathan Rieder to our roster of contributing editors. The author of *Canarsie: The Jews and Italians of Brooklyn Against Liberalism* (Harvard University Press), Rieder teaches sociology at Yale.

The candidates and Eastern Europe.

GLASNOSTPOLITIK

THERE IS NO substantial quarrel between George Bush and Michael Dukakis over what to do about Eastern Europe, and that's good. The region is too important, and things are going too well for American interests, to have the two of them waging partisan warfare over it. The underlying situation in Eastern Europe is: Heads, we win. Tails, we win. Even if the present movement toward reform and democratization should fail or be crushed, it would be terrible for the Eastern Europeans but not necessarily for us, unless any ensuing violence got out of hand.

The only way that the West can lose in Eastern Europe is if Mikhail Gorbachev can contrive the political equivalent of flipping a coin and having it land on its edge: *perestroika* would have to produce an economically strong East bloc that also maintains its cohesion under Soviet political and military domination. Gorbachev, in this scenario, would have to wow and/or cow the NATO allies into neutralism while the Warsaw Pact maintained its military edge. The only way this can happen, given the decrepitude of socialist economies and the discredit in which socialist ideology now stands, close to home and around the world, is for the next president of the United States to let up on the pressure on Gorbachev.

Judging by the candidates' stances, this is not likely to happen. Despite their rhetoric and their claims to be better than the other at negotiating with the Soviet Union, both Bush and Dukakis are committed to holding NATO together as a strong military alliance and to using Western economic and political leverage to loosen gradually the ties that bind the East bloc. This policy was signaled by Dukakis in his September 13 speech to the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations and in a statement responding to a questionnaire by the Polish American Congress. Bush has not produced extensive statements yet, but aides say he intends to continue the Reagan administration policy of challenging Gorbachev to renounce the Brezhnev doctrine.

Dukakis said in Chicago that "Soviet domination of Eastern Europe is depriving its own society of the economic and diplomatic benefits that full acceptance in the world community would provide." His speech indicated that he has adopted a policy toward Gorbachev first enunciated, among Democrats, by Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey: that of welcoming the Soviet leader's promises of "new thinking" in foreign policy, but demanding that they be fulfilled by deeds such as conventional force reductions, relaxation of regional tensions, and respect for human rights within the East bloc. Part of Bradley's formulation is that the West treat its economic capital as a "strategic asset," and develop plans and conditions for its flow eastward. Dukakis did not precisely formulate a plan for conditioning Western capital flows—no one else has done so, either—but the principle is there.

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Toward Poland, Dukakis has adopted a formula much like that of the Reagan administration: the United States will not supply economic aid without "extensive" economic reform, and no economic reform will be possible unless the Polish government can "come to some agreement with its workers through an independent trade union movement." The Reagan administration lifted economic sanctions when Poland released Solidarity activists jailed after the 1981 imposition of martial law, but has been holding up an IMF agreement, World Bank loans, debt rescheduling, and trade credits pending economic reforms that it says cannot come unless the government has Solidarity working with it.

In the Chicago speech, Dukakis said, "We know that the Soviet Union cannot ignore the security concerns that history has embedded in the very fiber of its society. But free trade unions do not endanger security; political parties do not endanger security; free elections do not endanger security." Of course, traditionally, the Soviets and the Eastern European Communist Parties have regarded such institutions as deeply subversive. Gorbachev has invited experimentation, but he has yet to bless either independent unions or opposition political parties.

RHETORICALLY, Bush and some of his supporters go further than Dukakis does in questioning the legitimacy of Communist rule of Eastern Europe and in implying that it's doomed. In 1983 Bush delivered a major administration policy speech in Vienna declaring that "we recognize no lawful division of Europe" either as a result of Yalta or the Helsinki agreement of 1975—signed by a Republican administration—and he sought to exploit the cultural rifts between Eastern Europe and the Soviets by observing that "of the three great events in European history—the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Enlightenment—Russia took part in none," while Central Europe took part in all. "This region has always looked west, not east," he observed.

The same points have been made this year by Zbigniew Brzezinski, national security adviser to Jimmy Carter and now an issues adviser to Bush. In a lecture in London recently, Brzezinski said, "It is not an exaggeration to affirm that there are five countries now in Eastern Europe, each of which is potentially ripe for a revolutionary explosion" because of a combination of economic stagnation and political unrest. He refers to Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania, and Yugoslavia, and excludes Bulgaria and East Germany.

Neither Bush nor Brzezinski is in favor of the explosion, however. Bush hastened to say in 1983 that "the United States does not seek to destabilize or undermine any government." And Brzezinski said, "I do not believe for a minute that a massive revolutionary outbreak in the region is in our interest. Were that to occur in the foreseeable future, I believe . . . that the U.S.S.R. would have no choice but to intervene. It is almost equally certain that the West would impotently stand by, and that reform in the region and *perestroika* in the Soviet Union would be victims."

Gradual change clearly is occurring in the region, pushed along in part by Gorbachev, who an administration Sovietologist describes as trying to fashion "an alliance of reformers" in Eastern Europe while "at the same time trying to change the status quo in Western Europe toward neutralism. You could say, it's a race."

So far, the United States seems to be winning the race, both in Eastern and Western Europe. In the West, Gorbachev's attempts to promote denuclearization have not worked. The allies have agreed in principle to modernization of short-range nuclear weapons, and they are in the process of formulating proposals that would force Gorbachev to deliver on his proposals to make asymmetrical reductions in conventional forces and change Soviet military doctrine and deployments from an offensive posture to a defensive one.

In the East, Gorbachev faces nothing but trouble. To the extent that he succeeds in encouraging reform, he unleashes pent up discontents based on economic hardship, nationalism, and political repression. As Professor Charles Gati wrote last summer in *Foreign Affairs*, most of the countries of Eastern Europe already have more *perestroika* than the Soviet Union does, and Poland and Hungary are far beyond the Soviet Union in *glasnost*. By pushing for more reform, Gorbachev is encouraging "truly radical next steps" in Eastern Europe, which some experts think will be more than Moscow or local Communist elements can stand.

If the reform trend continues, according to John Whitehead, the No. 2 man in Reagan's State Department and its top policy official for Eastern Europe, "I think these countries will be more neutral than they are now, their economic ties to the Soviet Union will be looser, and they will be more independent, maybe the way Austria and Switzerland are. If that develops, it's a different world. There'll be a smaller Soviet 'empire' that's less threatening to us." Another State Department expert on Eastern Europe said, "What's happening now is what our policy has been about all this time. Gradually, these countries are withdrawing from socialism and from one-party Leninist rule. They have to, or else they'll slide into Third World status. Our policy should be to maintain the pressure for change and make them see they have no alternative to it."

IT'S THE abiding American faith, expressed by these officials, that economic and political liberalization—democratization—will make the East bloc less dangerous to the West. But the United States will have to be careful about how it decides to prod the reform process along. According to Solidarity activists who recently visited the United States, it's time for the United States to become yet more imaginative in concocting schemes to encourage reform—such as offering extensive debt relief if the Polish government agrees to legalize the union, or perhaps converting part of the debt into zlotys to be spent on improvement of Poland's environmental squalor.

Other ideas for expanding reform include increased aid (currently less than $3 million per year) channeled through the National Endowment for Democracy to Solidarity and

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other dissident groups in Eastern Europe, especially for literature, computers, and video production; special efforts to encourage environmental groups and cooperatives; legal or informal requirements that American corporations doing business with Eastern Europe observe worker-rights standards paralleling the Sullivan Principles applied in South Africa; and calls for specific Soviet troop withdrawals, especially from Hungary, which faces no NATO adversary.

No one in any responsible position wishes for either the failure of reform or the imposition of repression, but if either event did take place, it would demonstrate anew that communism is an irredeemably rotten system and would bolster the resolve of the West to resist it. As matters now stand, both parties in the United States are dedicated to pressing for reform. All they need to do is to be more imaginative about it.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

CAMPAIGN '88

MR. CONGENIALITY

Jefferson City, Missouri

George Bush is noted for flubbed lines and episodes of goofiness, and he never lets you down. In Union City, New Jersey, he insisted he'd make sure "everyone who has a job wants a job." To the B'nai B'rith in Baltimore, he said, "I've made it very clear I'm imposed to an independent Palestinian state." Then Bush referred to the "Meddle East," no pun intended. In Alton, Illinois, he denounced drug "pingpins" and talked up increased "experts" when he meant exports. At Disneyland he took umbrage at the accusation that he'd avoided having his picture taken with Mickey Mouse. "The pig was the one that was bugging me," he said. "He just kept staring at me, with this expression." Bush made a weird-looking face.

He got away with all these. Bush's statement to the American Legion in Louisville that September 7 was Pearl Harbor Day drew press coverage. CBS began its evening news show with that blooper. But Bush made matters better by deftly correcting himself later in the speech and by joking about it afterward. "You say dumb things, yeah, you do," Bush said in a September 12 interview on the new TV show "USA Today." "I was tired. I made a mistake. . . . I used to get all tense about these things. Now, hey, people are human. They understand it if you screw up from time to time." The next day in Chicago, Bush was introduced by the head of the Executive Club as president of the United States, not veep. "I don't feel so bad," Bush said. "Pearl Harbor was December 7, and this man's entitled to his opinion." That brought laughs, and Bush had the audience in his hands.

Bush isn't Demosthenes, but he's wrapped up the award as most improved candidate. In their worst nightmares, Democrats didn't envision Bush being as appealing a campaigner as he's become. Reporters who covered Bush's clumsy performance in 1984 are amazed. They doubted Bush could ever be an effective candidate on the stump. But he is. And so for now, at any rate, the small flubs aren't newsworthy. They don't reflect a larger truth about the Bush campaign. It isn't error-prone, unstable, or tense.

Bush's frame of mind has something to do with this. "The candidate's attitude is at least 50 percent of the equation in terms of his performance," said Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager. Atwater said he always knew Bush would emerge as an assertive, happy, self-confident candidate. In December 1984, Bush first talked to Atwater about running his 1988 campaign. Atwater said Bush told him, "My first job is being vice president to Ronald Reagan. That man's been very good to me. If I'm lucky enough to get the nomination, that's the first time I'll focus totally on being a presidential candidate." This is a nice story, a little too nice.

Bush's moth-to-butterfly transformation has prompted a simpler explanation from some of his associates that goes like this: he got the nomination, became party leader, and delivered a well-received acceptance speech, all of which gave him a boost of confidence that carried over to the fall campaign. That's plausible. But I think there's another factor, too. Bush isn't blind. He saw the effect that Reagan's geniality, optimism, and serenity had on voters. Why not emulate the master? Even if you're not having fun, you can at least pretend like you are.

BUSH'S ACT, if that's what it is, is certainly convincing. At the Republican convention, in the midst of the flap over the choice of Dan Quayle as his running mate, Bush and his wife, Barbara, put on a Ron-and-Nancy show at a Republican women's luncheon. Bush made a supposedly unscheduled (but actually planned) drop-by to introduce Barbara to the crowd. "Come on up, sweetie pie," he said. The crowd roared with delight. At the podium, Barbara looked back at her husband and said, "Thank you . . . sweetie." The crowd roared again. More important, the byplay got on national TV, showing Bush as unfazed by the storm over Quayle.

In Portland, Oregon, the day after Labor Day, Bush was confronted by raucous hecklers at a shipyard. He was booed every time he made a point, but he kept his composure. "I know the truth hurts," he told the crowd. Every time he'd rattle off an economic statistic, he'd point to a heckler and say, "Now you remember that, don't you." Booed all the more, he said, "You want some more facts, you got 'em." Bush didn't complain about the rude treatment. When a supporter apologized later, he said, "Don't worry about it. . . . Look, I only need 51 percent of the vote."

Bush has adopted the Reagan trick of making a rough ideological message sound gentle by delivering it in friendly, smiling fashion. He did this brilliantly at a noontime rally on September 13 in Jefferson City, Missouri, with the state Capitol, a humongous American flag, and a 15-foot

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statue of Thomas Jefferson as backdrops. He said his differences with Michael Dukakis are over "core values." Bush said he, but not Dukakis, "believes in voluntary prayer in the schools. . . . I believe in the sanctity of human life and I want to encourage adoption instead of abortion. . . . Let's not take away the guns from innocent citizens. Let's get tougher on the criminals." He advocated the death penalty and said Dukakis is "dead wrong" in opposing it. Bush denounced the American Civil Liberties Union. "I don't think we want to go too far to the left in this country." And he said he doesn't "see anything wrong with having teachers lead the kids in the Pledge of Allegiance, and that's the way I feel. I have your values." Given his cheerful tone, Bush might have been talking about a disagreement over basketball.

Bush's early success also stems from two other things, practice and planning. Again, Bush's model is Reagan, who always devoted the last 20 or 30 minutes of a campaign flight to going over his speech. Reagan did this for his standard stump speech, the one he'd delivered thousands of times before. Now Bush is rehearsing his speeches under the coaching of media consultant Roger Ailes. Bush doesn't accept advice and tips as blithely as Reagan did. Late in the afternoon of Bush's convention speech, Ailes returned to his hotel after a coaching session. "His tie was loose, he looked drained," said a Bush adviser. "I could tell Roger'd been through a workout." After the speech was a hit, the adviser said Ailes told him, " It was a rough session, but it was worth it." Ailes has gotten Bush to talk more slowly, pause after applause lines, emphasize key phrases, and tell a joke or two a speech. In his speech to the Executive Club in Chicago, Bush poked fun at Dukakis's proposed Fund to Rebuild America. "I can see agents from that fund arriving on your doorstep and saying the most feared words in America: 'We're from the government and we're here to help you.' "

BUSH'S CAMPAIGN is almost as tightly choreographed as Reagan's was in 1984. This is bound to give Bush comfort, since there's always an answer if he asks, "What do we do next?" James Lake, a Washington lobbyist and Bush adviser, said campaign themes are plotted "a couple of weeks ahead tentatively, one week ahead specifically." Bush's pollster, Robert Teeter, has figured out that it takes a minimum of three days to drive home a major theme with the public. So Bush spent three days on the environment, a lesser issue for him, and he's devoting whole weeks to his bigger issues, the economy, national defense, and values. Still, he's permitted to seize targets of opportunity. Bush wasn't stressing defense in the week after Labor Day, but he ordered his staff to whip up a strong statement on Star Wars after Dukakis waffled on the subject. The statement was handed out to reporters, and Bush wove it into a previously drafted speech to a GOP women's group in Rockford, Illinois.

The message and Bush's delivery of it are what matter in the Bush campaign. Neither Bush nor any of his advisers thought Fred Malek, who ran the convention and then became vice chairman of the Republican National Committee, was guilty of anti-Semitism for having followed Nixon White House orders in 1971 and ascertaining how many Jews worked in the Bureau of Labor Statistics. But the same day the *Washington Post* regurgitated this item on the front page, Malek was eased out. Why? Out of fear the flap over him might detract from, or drown out, the message Bush wants to get out.

The same is true for debates. Bush aides aren't afraid of them. True, they aren't exactly overjoyed at pitting Bush one-on-one against Dukakis. But the real problem is that debates interfere with the message. "They really do interrupt the campaign," said Teeter. "And they don't allow you to make your case." The Bush campaign was adamant about not having a late debate. "We want those two or three weeks in the end to say what we want to say," Teeter said.

Whatever it is, Bush will be cheerful saying it. This creates a personality contrast with Dukakis, the same contrast that cropped up when Bush and Dukakis appeared on the "USA Today" show on September 12. Bush was a bundle of charm, joshing with his hosts. Dukakis, interviewed separately, was doleful, like a kid who'd been ordered to eat oatmeal. Bush played Reagan, and Dukakis was Walter Mondale, and everyone knows how that turned out.

FRED BARNES

Nature doesn't know best.

SCORCHED EARTH

"YELLOWSTONE IS not dying," said Jo Halladay, a park naturalist. "You must separate emotion from logic." I tried. I went to Yellowstone in early September during the climax of conflagration, just before the snow descended, and came away convinced that almost everybody is missing the point. What's important is not whether the fires that razed nearly 900,000 acres within Yellowstone could have been stopped. (They couldn't have.) And when the blaze burns itself out there will be so little of Yellowstone left untouched that it barely matters whether the park authorities persist in their policy of letting natural fires (those ignited by lightning) burn. But the burning of Yellowstone will reignite a smoldering debate about how much "management" our national parks need. It was to those arguments, not the fire, that Halladay was referring.

On one side of the fence are the followers of Alston Chase, a philosopher-naturalist who published a book in 1986 called *Playing God in Yellowstone*. On the other is the National Park Service, which Chase criticizes relentlessly in his book as an Orwellian bureaucracy that has made ecology the handmaiden of political expediency. Chase's

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point is a simple one. Having badly mismanaged the park in its first century, the Park Service only made it worse when it changed its policy in 1971 to one of letting nature take its course unhindered by man.

SET ASIDE in 1872, Yellowstone was the country's first national park. The first thing the white men did was to evict the Indians who had been living in the park. Then they started putting out the fires that broke out from time to time. By 1916 they had succeeded in exterminating the park's wolves, which were eating all those poor defenseless deer and bison and elk. The elk and bison began to multiply, so the park authorities grew hay for them. In 1936 they decided there were too many elk and bison overgrazing the park's grass and shrubs. So they started shooting them. They continued to do this for a while and by 1968 had reduced the elk in the northern range of the park to 4,000 animals. But the killing had attracted publicity and was becoming unpopular, not least with hunters who wanted a piece of the action. There were public hearings and a new policy was adopted: no more elk killing, no more fire suppression, no more interference of any kind.

It was a philosophy that appealed to the environmental movement. It still does. The most ardent defenders of the let-burn policy are the National Audubon Society and the Wilderness Society. It conjures up a Rousseau-like fantasy of biology before man, rich, static, and harmonious. The snag is that nobody knows what Yellowstone looked like when it was pristine, before man had a hand in it.

Chase contends that it was already greatly changed by the Indians, who regularly burned the forest in spring and fall to clear away old, dying trees and let the regenerating aspen and pine feed and shelter bigger herds of game. By creating a sanctuary for the elk, white men changed the park even more drastically. The elk used to migrate out of the park in winter to live in the river valleys. The valleys were fenced off by settlers, and hunters were waiting for the elk when they came down. The elk learned to stay put. The vegetation suffered, especially as the herd increased during the 1970s. Elk eat young aspen and willow trees and other shrubs, not only killing the trees but depriving beaver and deer and grizzly bears of food. Aspen trees, for example, have all but vanished. A fence that enclosed half of an aspen grove in 1933 now marks the border between a healthy aspen grove within and bare grass without. In the 1920s there were at least 10,000 beavers in the park. You would be hard-pressed to find a single one now. Without beavers, the rivers flood or silt up, and so on and so forth.

So what? The park has changed. Letting nature take its course means accepting more elk and more pine trees, fewer grizzly bears and beavers. Ecology is dynamic. It moves. If you want endless diversity, go to a zoo.

The difficulty with Chase's idea is that he too is pursuing an elusive ideal of semipristine nature. He wants the park restored to a state where beavers and bears and deer and aspen coexist as well as just elk and bison. He would control the elk, perhaps by giving them birth-control implants, perhaps by killing them to feed the grizzlies. That may be like the way it was when the Indians ran it, but it is no more "natural" a state than a desert of pine and elk would be.

A chunk of nature can't be fenced off and still have its species survive in isolation, even in as large a chunk as Yellowstone. Biologists have long compared national parks to islands, cut off from the mainland by a rising tide. On real islands, the variety of species present soon declines in proportion to the island's area. Bigger islands can hold more species. William Newmark of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor counted up how many species national parks had lost to local extinction and found that much the same equation held. National parks, carved out of a wilderness that is then developed, lose species because they are too small.

The popular outcry after the fire means that natural regulation is headed for the trash can. Donald Hodel, the secretary of the interior, admitted as much when he talked of planting trees along the roads of Yellowstone to bring back the tourists, and feeding the elk during the coming winter. The Park Service still has a pamphlet, written as rebuttal to Chase, called "Wildlife in Transition" that describes Yellowstone as a giant experiment in natural regulation. It's an experiment whose lesson is a gloomy one. National parks can't manage themselves. Man has to step in.

MATT RIDLEY

Matt Ridley is a Washington correspondent for the *Economist* of London.

CAMPAIGN '88

GNASHVILLE

Nashville, Tennessee

With a little less than two months to go until Election Day, popular excitement about the presidential campaign, at least in this corner of America, seems in no danger of getting out of control. In the week after Labor Day, for example, a casual visitor to this deeply interesting city, which is at once the Galilee of religious book publishing and the Gomorrah of country music recording, would have found more people energized by eschatology than by politics. Local fundamentalists were in an uproar over a prediction that the Rapture was at hand.

The Rapture is a much-prophesied premillenarian event in which "saved" Christians are to be snatched up from their desks or beds or cars and whooshed bodily up into Heaven, leaving unsaved friends and relations behind doing double takes. According to a splashy $7,500 display ad "paid for by born-again Christians" in the September 7 *Tennessean*, the Rapture "will occur on the Jewish holiday, Rosh Hashana, September 11-13." The ad was a tease for a locally published, widely circulated (2.5 million copies in

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print) book titled *88 Reasons Why the Rapture Will Be In 1988*, which further predicts the signing of a treaty between Israel and an unspecified Antichrist (September 21) and the outbreak of World War III (October 4).

Over the weekend concern reached a sufficiently high level that the more levelheaded among the area's fundamentalist ministers hastily rewrote their sermons to include reassurances that the Rapture is probably still a good while off. On the other hand, if the predictions do pan out, most analysts think Bush will be helped by the renewed focus on defense issues, while Dukakis will benefit from a lowered turnout among evangelicals.

TENNESSEE DOESN'T HAVE much electoral weight. Nevertheless it will be fought over, perhaps more energetically than any other state of the old Confederacy except Texas. Tennessee is a swing state that has voted with the winner in all but one of the last 15 presidential elections. (The exception was 1960, when Nixon carried the state in consequence of John Kennedy's Catholicism.) In 1980 Reagan beat Carter here by fewer than 5,000 votes out of 1.6 million cast. Four years later Reagan skunked Mondale by 58 percent to 42 percent, close to the national margin; meanwhile, young Albert Gore Jr. was winning Howard Baker's abandoned Senate seat with 61 percent of the vote. The roughly 20 percent of Tennesseans who voted for both Reagan and Gore last time out are this year's prize. Either side could make do without the state's 11 electoral votes, but no one can suffer a big loss here without also losing nationally. As the fall campaign begins the Democrats seem hopeful, the Republicans confident.

Each side has plenty of pluses it can point to. The Republicans have more money; the Democrats have more volunteers. The Democrats have a popular U.S. senator, Jim Sasser, seeking re-election on their ticket; the Republicans have an electorate long accustomed to ticket-splitting. Most Tennesseans are Democrats; that's good for Dukakis. Most Tennesseans are conservatives; that's good for Bush.

Bush-Quayle headquarters for the state is in an upscale shopping center called Park Place, where the other office tenants are the Just Reward Incentive Travel Company, Glitter: The Salon, the Jo-Susan Model Agency, and Exercise Plus, an aerobics parlor. "We try to avoid the Y-word," state campaign director Stephanie Chivers told me primly when I visited the headquarters. "But the Chamber of Commerce had a big mixer for young professionals at Opryland a couple of nights ago where the theme was campaign hoopla, and they had a mock election. Mike Dukakis came in third, with 89 votes, behind Roger Rabbit, with 106, and Vice President Bush, with 305."

More scientific polls put Bush about six points ahead in Tennessee. His local managers plan to expand that lead with an expensive program of phone banks and direct-mail drops, including mailings aimed at such special interest groups as doctors and gun owners. The Tennessee Republicans' fund-raising operation, headed by Ted Welch, a Nashville developer and former Republican National Committee finance chief, is already halfway to its $750,000 goal. The Bush-Quayle team here is seasoned and knowledgeable. Chivers, short, round, and jolly, served a term in the state legislature and was Lamar Alexander's political director until he left the governorship two years ago. The campaign chairman, Jon R. Thomas, smooth and sophisticated, is a member of George Bush's CIA old-boy network; he was most recently assistant secretary of state for international narcotics matters.

The best-known Tennessee Republicans, such as Howard Baker, Alexander, and Bill Brock, the former senator, Republican national chairman, and chief of the Bob Dole presidential campaign, are emblematic of a comparatively moderate, faintly patrician state party that is very much in the Bush mold. In contrast to the Dukakis campaign, which had no presence whatsoever in Tennessee until after Gore's withdrawal from the race, the Bush machine has been purring along here ever since Howard Baker decided against running for president and went to the White House as Reagan's chief of staff instead. "We don't have to hit the ground running," says Thomas. "We've been running for 18 months."

WHILE I WAS at Bush headquarters, aides were unpacking a mainframe computer and a mammoth copying machine with automatic sorter. In the cheap downtown hotel suite that serves as Dukakis-Bentsen headquarters for Tennessee, they were making do with a borrowed laptop and a slow, collate-it-yourself minicopier. Peter Goelz, the Dukakis campaign director, hopes to be able to scrape together $300,000 to staff and run the 11 local offices he is opening this week. The cannonball-shaped Goelz, 42, is an experienced operative. He was a top aide to Democratic Governor Hugh Gallen of New Hampshire; after Gallen died in 1983, Goelz moved to St. Louis, Missouri. He is a fast-talking, cigar-chewing, horse race-handicapping Yankee whom no one could possibly mistake for a Tennessean. All the top Dukakis staffers here, in fact, are imported from out of state. The advantage of this is that they have no past baggage or future ambitions in Tennessee. They can therefore conduct their activities without unduly alarming the locals. The disadvantage is that while their Republican counterparts are busily drawing on lifetimes' worth of contacts and experience, they are still learning that all Tennessee is divided into three parts.

The three parts, by the way, are politically and culturally distinct. East Tennessee (home of bluegrass music; largest city: Knoxville; most famous native: Dolly Parton) has been Republican since before the Civil War. Middle (never "Central") Tennessee (home of gospel-tinged mainstream country music; largest city: Nashville; most famous native: Andrew Jackson, the first president to call himself a Democrat) is prosperous but still solidly Democratic. West Tennessee (home of the blues; largest city: Memphis; most famous native: Elvis) is racially and politically polarized. The Republicans will be spending their get-out-the-vote money in the east, the Democrats in the west.

Besides party identification, the Democrats' biggest advantage is the fact that every statewide officeholder is a

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Democrat, and a popular one at that. In contrast to 1984, when Al Gore wouldn't even say whom he was voting for, everybody is making some sort of effort on behalf of the national ticket this time.

THE MOST IMPORTANT player in all this, and the dominant figure in Tennessee politics at the moment, is Governor Ned Ray McWherter, 58. McWherter is an immensely tall and stout, red-faced, sleepy-voiced good ol' boy with perfect populist pitch. He used to be known as Hoss, on account of his striking physical resemblance to the character of Hoss Cartwright on the "Bonanza" television show. Now that he has put on a bit of extra weight, statehouse regulars refer to him as Jabba the Hutt—not to his face, but with a certain respect. McWherter has hit upon exactly the right combination of public works liberalism and cultural conservatism to suit Tennessee's Reagan Democrats. He is not especially innovative or imaginative, but even Republicans speak with awe of his common touch. "McWherter will influence our lives far into the next century," Chivers said reverently.

The Republicans hope McWherter will limit his support for Dukakis to a few token gestures. "I think McWherter is going to do what he has to do, but I don't see that as being much more than just lip service," Thomas told me. "I can't see Ned McWherter putting his big fat neck on the block for Mike Dukakis."

"That's crap," says Goelz, who set up his headquarters downtown expressly to be within walking distance of McWherter's office. "The reality is, the governor has done everything we've asked him to and more." As evidence, Goelz points to the fact that McWherter has lent the Dukakis campaign the services of his most valued fund-raiser, Harlan Mathews.

To find out for myself, I went to see the great man in his office at the state Capitol. I noted that he had agreed on very short notice to talk to me, a representative of a magazine that does not exactly blanket Tennessee and of which he claimed never to have heard, and said it was evidence that he either wants to help the national ticket or is underworked.

"Well, I'm not underworked," McWherter said. "I endorsed Governor Dukakis because I had met him in governors' conferences and gained a great deal of respect for him."

McWherter then treated me to a sample of his populist pitch. "The biggest reason I warmed up to Dukakis is education. That's my No. 1 priority and Dukakis tells me it's his, too. I grew up where there was a lot of illiteracy and a lot of substandard housing, and where you couldn't get a doctor. If you got sick, too bad. I believe every person ought to have the ability to read a newspaper every morning or afternoon and maybe a verse of the Bible at night. Every person should have decent housing. And any person suffering pain should be treated with health care. Education, health care, housing, roads, jobs. Those are the five issues I ran on. I'd add the environment to that. And Governor Dukakis has told me he is going to recommit the federal government to those goals. I had a long talk with him about it."

I pointed out that Dukakis's views on certain social issues do not square with McWherter's.

"Those are emotional and moral areas," he said. "They're like whether you're a member of one church or another. You don't choose a president on that basis."

"What about the Pledge of Allegiance business?"

"I understand why Governor Dukakis vetoed that bill. I think it's a very false issue. Especially when those fellows they're always trying to get me to listen to, the media consultants, get it all twisted up. It's like school prayer. I believe you should pray any time you want to. But I don't believe you should impose it. I don't believe you need a lot of laws to do those things, a lot of government meddling."

I asked McWherter what he thinks of the Republican candidate for president.

"To be honest, I don't know that much about George Bush," he replied. His voice was all syrupy innocence, but in the middle of his meaty face, eyes as small and hard as BBs squinted at me from under bushy white eyebrows. "I know he's got a big home on the seacoast up in Maine. I know he made some money in Texas. I know he held a number of positions in the government that I've read about. I don't know if he got real broad experience from that or if he just held those jobs temporarily till they could get someone else. I'm sure he's a fine gentleman. But I don't know a lot about him." Pause. "And I know a lot more about pheasants than I do about Quayle." Loud guffaws from aides on a nearby couch.

If enough Tennessee voters get exposed to that kind of talk, Dukakis might even carry the state.

The calculation behind McWherter's country-boy naïveté does nothing to detract from its sly charm. Dukakis, however, is a city boy—worse, a suburb boy. He hasn't got a populist bone in his body. But if enough friends like McWherter talk enough of that kind of talk, Dukakis might possibly get whooshed right up into the White House, rapturously.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

POSTCARD SOUTH FLORIDA

MIAMI NICE?

THE WORD around Miami these days is that the area has survived the growing pains of cocaine shoot-outs (1978-79), Marielito Mayhem (1980), and the Crooked Cops (1985)—all three referred to as "our ancient history"—and has comfortably settled into the social columns of *Vanity Fair*. National journalists once fixated on the morgue now write about rock star Ron Wood's nightclub and who's who in the art deco district.

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But to local residents who read the morning *Herald* or the afternoon *News*, the new Miami has lost none of its old quirky barbarity. I offer the following tidbits gathered from the two papers between May 20 and July 16 as evidence.

There's the grocery-cart accident of Saturday, July 2. Tony Martin, a shopper at Publix on NE 167 Street, was pushing the cart with one hand and holding his leather purse with the other, when the purse slipped from his grasp and dropped to the floor, setting off his derringer.

A regular bullet might have fired off into the cheese section, and that would have been that, but Martin had hollowed his out and filled the cavity with metal shrapnel fragments held in place with Teflon tape. Some of the fragments hit Martin's daughter, three-year-old Tamara Guerrero, who was sitting in the cart. Luckily, she survived. Although Martin said he was sorry, and that he was only trying to protect his family, the police charged him with two felonies: carrying a concealed weapon without a permit and possessing illegal ammunition.

People in another part of the country might have said, "What a stupid man for carrying a concealed weapon into a grocery store." In Miami they said: "What a stupid man for not obtaining a concealed weapons permit." Down here anybody can get one—even Lisa Taradine.

Taradine, who had already pleaded guilty to an earlier felony, showed her permit to federal agents as they arrested her for trying to swap machine guns for cocaine. Since felons aren't supposed to have concealed weapon permits, the agents wondered how she got hers. It turns out that because she'd volunteered a guilty plea, the judge took the felony blot off her record, so she had the same right as the next Floridian to bear concealed arms. It seems that 2,000 other convicted Florida felons have been extended the same courtesy.

Still, it's unfair to say Miami has no gun control. There are rigid cultural strictures: guns are used only in personal and economic disputes, and bombs are used in political disputes, or at least they were during the old one-bomb, one-vote period.

Things have quieted down since, but then again, four bomb stories showed up in the papers in May. Actually, one was only a faux bomb. On Friday, May 27, the bomb squad evacuated the Panamanian consulate after a suspicious thermos bottle was discovered in the hallway. It turned out to be empty, but the maintenance person who called in the alarm said he naturally assumed that a thermos was a bomb. That tells you something.

A day earlier a real bomb had gone off in the garage at the home of Miami-Dade Community College professor Maria Cristina Herrera. It coincided with a conference on U.S.-Cuban relations, sponsored by Herrera, which was about to be held at the Sheraton Brickell Point Hotel. The hotel promptly canceled the conference, and the 150 courageous participants drove under tight security to the University of

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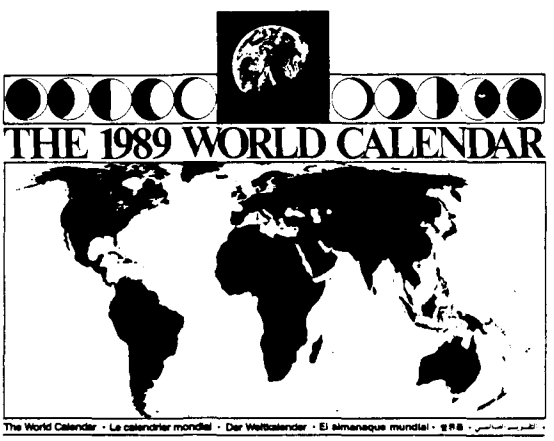
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Miami Faculty Club, where the meeting was convened.

Another real bomb was set off under a car in the parking lot at the Cuban Museum of Art and Culture. Factions on the museum's board of directors are evenly divided on the question of whether a local Cuban museum of art ought to admit that there is art in Cuba, or simply ignore it in favor of the works of the exiles. This bomb, everyone realized, was a response to the museum's having displayed art by painters who have something to do with Cuba.

Meanwhile, a trial about a fourth bomb was going on in a Miami courtroom. The Christic Institute brought a civil lawsuit attempting to prove that the bomb that blew up Edén Pastora's press conference in Nicaragua in 1984 was part of a conspiracy that involved Albert Hakim, Oliver North, Richard Secord, John Singlaub, the *contras*, George Bush, and assorted international drug dealers. To the local audience, the most amazing thing about the Christic bomb trial is that the courtroom wasn't bombed. North, the *contras*, and international drug dealers are Miami heroes. Trying them here is a bit like trying the Rosenbergs in Russia. I don't know why the Christics thought they could get away with it. In any event, the case was dismissed for technical reasons before it even got to a jury.

Speaking of Russia, here's a dispatch from the Tallahassee bureau: Republican State Representative Luis Morse of Miami has spoken out against literacy on the grounds that literacy encourages communism. In floor debate over a bill that would allow Florida college students to teach adults to read, Morse argues that that's exactly what Castro did in the mountains and the Sandinistas did in Nicaragua.

IN OTHER local political news, it came out on July 16 that former County Manager Sergio Pereira has signed on as a political analyst for TV Channel 51. That got everybody wondering if he'd wear those same stolen suits that he and numerous other VIPs bought at bargain prices out of cardboard boxes in a residential apartment set up to resemble a store.

Pereira didn't lose his job over the hot suits, or for having lied on his résumé. In fact, he was awarded the job after lying on his résumé. His resignation came only after several reporters unearthed his personal interest in some lucrative land deals that required rezoning, and that he'd forgotten to mention during all the hearings.

Hence the most promising news of the month: Metro Considers Zoning Disclosure Plan. To prevent future Pereira-like incidents, property owners who might benefit from rezonings must tell who they are. Alas, on the same page as the Ketchup Bandits, who swiped suitcases at the airport after distracting the owners by spraying them with condiments, we learn that the county commission defeated the proposal because it might have a "chilling effect" on local real estate investment.

There's another important zoning story: the Leon family's variance. The question is whether statues of Santa Barbara and La Virgen de La Caridad, surrounded by eight-foot brick towers in the Leon's yard at 2920 SW 129th Street and stuck too close to the neighbor's property line, should be allowed to stay. After losing the argument, much of which had to be conducted in Spanish, the Leons promised to put the statues in the house.

Speaking of La Virgen de La Caridad, at the church where the original is kept, hundreds of supporters of Orlando Bosch, the "terrorist" pediatrician implicated in numerous anti-communist bombings, gathered once again to protest his possible deportation. Among those present was Maria DeSillers, mother of Ronnie DeSillers, the young man whose struggle against liver disease got national attention. Generous citizens sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay for his three transplants. Ms. DeSillers's son died last year, and lately a lot of people have been wondering what she did with the leftover donations. What's been reported so far is $10,850 for jewelry, $5,797 for new clothes, $13,500 for a BMW, $1,657.18 for a beeper, $3,102.50 for a cellular car phone, $1,882 to florists, and $25,000 to lawyers defending her against allegations that she used the funds for her own purposes. Altogether she's gone through $270,000, spending it just "as Ronnie would have wished."

In a financial sidebar, an IRS spokesman assures us that people who donated to the DeSillers fund will still get their tax deductions, even if the money was spent on jewelry.

Speaking of jewelry, police are looking for the jewelry stolen from the courtroom at the trial of Rolando Garcia. It was part of the evidence that disappeared during the lunch recess. Garcia is accused of helping former policeman Manuel Pardo kill nine people as the beginning of a crusade to rid the world of drug dealers. Police say that Pardo is a drug dealer.

That's about it from South Florida. Weird things happen elsewhere, especially in New York, but perhaps these highlights will remind advocates of the new Miami that the ancient city still lives.

JOHN ROTHCHILD

John Rothchild is a free-lance writer based in Miami.

THE MONEY CULTURE

JAPANESE TAKEOUT

BRUCE WASSERSTEIN and Joseph Perella were once just a couple of investment bankers doing deals at First Boston. Now, that is no longer true. On January 26, 1988, Wasserstein and Perella resigned from First Boston after a nasty fight with First Boston CEO Peter Buchanan. They set up their own deal-making shop. On July 28 they announced they had sold a 20 percent stake in their new enterprise to the Japanese investment bank Nomura for $100 million.

That puts a value of $500 million on Wasserstein, Perella

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& Co., a company with essentially no assets other than its name partners. One could argue that $500 million is a low estimate, since Nomura received no voting rights with its 20 percent holding. Who knows what Nomura would have paid to have a say in how their money was used? It doesn't matter. The point is that a new standard has been set for the value of Wall Street investment bankers.

As brilliant as they no doubt are, at $250 million a throw Wasserstein and Perella are dubious investments. The mergers and acquisitions game is notoriously cyclical. It has an unexplained history of drying up quickly in the midst of booms such as the present one. And don't forget: the chief assets of this company could walk out at any time; they could grow lazy; they could be run down in the streets of Manhattan by stretch limos. As human beings they are by definition dwindling assets. Wasserstein, 40, and Perella, 46, are already old for Wall Street deal-makers. The Japanese are not known for either their philanthropy or their foolishness. Yet in the past year several Japanese financial houses, and now the leaders of the pack at Nomura, have bought into U.S. investment banking firms. Is it possible that they see something that the rest of us don't?

AMERICA HAS nothing like Nomura. The Japanese firm has a stock market value of almost $60 billion (greater than the largest 20 American investment banks combined) and a captive home market. Nomura has already used its profitability at home to drive American investment banks out of international capital markets. They can afford to offer their services cheaply overseas. One day they hope to price American financial engineers out of mergers and acquisitions.

Buying a chunk of Wasserstein and Perella fits right in with that strategy. There are two ways Nomura might hope to recoup its investment, even if Wasserstein and Perella don't produce a steady stream of revenues ad infinitum. We should be wary of both. First, Nomura intends to use Wasserstein, Perella & Co. as a training center for its own people. There will be three or four Japanese in Wasserstein and Perella's Avenue of the Americas offices at all times. You can easily see why Wasserstein and Perella don't mind helping their newfound Japanese friends. By the time Nomura takes over, Wasserstein and Perella will be writing their memoirs in Sag Harbor. The only losers are young American investment bankers. They may be out of a job.

The second way in which Nomura might hope to benefit concerns us all. Their investment, one can argue, has been made for the greater good of Japan in the economic war among nations. Nomura, like many large Japanese corporations, cooperates to a degree with the Finance Ministry and the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI), which plans Japanese industrial policy. It is often said that the difference between American and Japanese business attitudes is that Americans plan for the next quarter while the Japanese plan for eternity. Imagine yourself as a senior Japanese bureaucrat. What would you like to see happen over the next hundred years?

Well, for a start, you would like to control American industry. Apart from strategic industries such as defense, aerospace, and, possibly, communications, you reckon that all of America is legal to buy. That leaves plenty of juicy tidbits. You would especially benefit from owning all research and development centers in key industries such as pharmaceuticals. The Americans are better than you at developing new drugs and medical technologies. How do you get your hands on their creativity?

Your first thought, as you are a student of American methods, is of a series of hostile takeovers. On second thought, hostile takeovers have become political events, and are likely to inspire the quarrelsome people in Washington to intervene. They will inspect your activity closely. You do not wish to be inspected. Anyway, aren't Japanese known throughout the world for their dislike of confrontation? Get ahold of yourself, man! You would rather proceed by stealth than by force.

You ask yourself: What is most likely to cause bits and pieces of American corporations to become available? Easy. Leverage. If a company borrows a lot of money, it makes itself vulnerable. If the company cannot meet its debt payments, it will be forced to sell off assets to the highest bidder.

Say I have a picture. You want that picture, but I don't want to sell. I love my picture. Then I take a large mortgage out on my house. I then lose my job, and am desperate for cash to avoid defaulting on my mortgage. I am not just willing to sell my picture to you; I am desperate to sell my picture to you. You may even get it at a knockdown price. This isn't just idle metaphor. Precisely because of American overborrowing, the Japanese are already well on their way to controlling a major chunk of the American building materials business. Onoda Chemical bought the cement division of Calmat, and Settsu Corporation bought a ten percent stake in USG (United States Gypsum), after both U.S. companies borrowed heavily to ward off hostile raiders.

SO WHAT IS the best way to encourage American companies to borrow lots of money? Here is where Wasserstein and Perella come into play. They preach a peculiar gospel of the virtue of debt. "Every company has got people sitting around who do nothing for what they are paid," Perella has said. "If [the companies] take on debt, it forces them to cut fat." No Japanese company would buy this logic (why doesn't the management simply cut fat on its own?), but American companies find it strangely appealing. Investment bankers such as Wasserstein and Perella often persuade managers to borrow the money themselves to buy out their shareholders. Other times they persuade outsiders to do so. In either case, the assets of the company are pledged as collateral, just as when a home is mortgaged. The total value of these highly leveraged takeovers in America has boomed from $244 billion in 1982 to $682 billion in 1987, according to IDD information services.

From your office in downtown Tokyo, you view the increase in activity as a fortunate development. All you require now is extremely good information on when the bits and pieces of corporate America come up for

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MICHAEL M. LEWIS

Michael M. Lewis is at work on a book about the golden age of investment banking.

Nuclear war made easy.

WATER BOMBS

WHEN CAPT. WILL ROGERS of the USS *Vincennes*, with seconds to spare as an unidentified aircraft approached his ship, launched two missiles that sent 290 people on an Iranian airliner to their deaths, the decision to act was his alone. So long as his crew was prepared to carry out orders, no one could prevent him from doing what he did.

That tragedy in the Persian Gulf points to an even greater potential horror. For if Captain Rogers had contemplated defending his ship against air or sea attack by using nuclear weapons and his officers had been prepared to go along, there would have been nothing to stop him. As the command and control system of U.S. nuclear weapons now stands, a vital lock that is placed on all U.S. nuclear weapons based on land is missing from those at sea.

Since the late 1950s, a fundamental precept of all American administrations has been that the use of even one nuclear weapon can be ordered only by the highest civilian authorities. Even if the nuclear threshold is crossed, the government must decide which weapons are used where, and which are held back. Elaborate procedural controls have been devised to ensure that nuclear weapons can be used only with proper authorization. In ICBM silos, for example, the launching procedure can be started only if two officers seated some distance apart both turn keys simultaneously; eight other officers in other silos will see that a launch has begun, and each one has orders to press a switch that would stop the launch unless they have proof that a proper order has been given.

Behind this procedural control is what's known as a permissive action link, or PAL, which makes it physically impossible to use nuclear weapons without authorization from above. The PAL was originally devised in the early 1960s to safeguard the security of U.S. missiles stationed in Italy, then facing a possible right-wing coup. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara later ordered the installation of PALs on all land-based nuclear weapons. Officers in ICBM silos, crew members of nuclear bombers, and soldiers with artillery units cannot independently decide to use their nuclear weapons. They are secured with a combination lock. The combination would be sent to them with permission to fire.

BUT THERE IS no PAL on seaborne nuclear weapons, whether cruise missiles, depth charges, ballistic missiles, or the bombs slung under carrier-based planes. Practically speaking, an Ohio-class submarine carrying 24 of the latest Trident missiles with 192 nuclear warheads—as many warheads as Britain possesses, and more than France or China—is a major nuclear power in its own right, with virtually complete control over its nuclear arsenal.

The Navy says that PALs would be impractical on submarines because of the difficulties of communication. Most communication with a submarine is by VLF or ELF (very low frequency and extremely low frequency) radio signals. These do not penetrate water to a great depth, so the submarine trails a buoy containing a receiver on or near the surface.

There are several points at which this system would be vulnerable in a nuclear war. The ground stations sending the signal could be destroyed. The satellites could be put out of action. The receiver buoy could be damaged. Or most calamitously, electronic pulses resulting from nuclear explosions could snarl all radio communications. Both superpowers have, among their war plans, "decapitation" targeting strategies designed to knock out the other side's nerve center. The inability to transmit a combination code to "unlock" a submarine's missiles might render its weapons useless for retaliation.

Navy submarines thus rely entirely on procedural controls to prevent the unauthorized use of nuclear weapons. Theoretically, any emergency action order, or EAO, as it is called, is preceded by a code that must be matched against a code contained in an envelope in the submarine's locked safe. The safe has two different combinations, each in the hands of a different officer. Both officers must cooperate to open the safe to check the authenticity of the code. Then the captain and his executive officer must agree that an authentic order has been received before they begin the launch procedure.

Nonetheless, Capt. James Bush, who commanded a Polaris submarine before he retired from the Navy, can envisage a situation in which nuclear weapons are used without orders, admittedly an extreme one, involving interrupted communications. Suppose, he says, a war has started, even a nuclear war. The crew of a submarine knows that nuclear

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weapons have landed on the United States. Radio communications have been cut, and they are receiving no messages. They assume the worst.

In these circumstances, Captain Bush told a British TV program, the captain might tell his crew: "Men, our wives and children have been killed. Washington has been destroyed. Our responsibility is to retaliate. Let's go. And they would go."

But Washington might not have been destroyed. It is very likely that the governments involved would have been trying desperately to halt the nuclear exchange; they might have succeeded. Cut off from the outside world, the submarine's commander would have no way of knowing.

Radio communications with surface ships are less vulnerable to disruption than communications with submarines. So there is less justification for not having PALs on the nuclear weapons that many surface ships carry, including the Tomahawk cruise missiles. Yet the danger in the case of a nuclear-armed surface ship is not what its captain may decide in remote isolation, as in a submarine, but what he may decide in the heat of battle.

The surface ships that carry nuclear missiles, torpedoes, and depth charges, unlike missile-carrying submarines on their deterrent mission, might engage in a conventional conflict at sea. A captain who faces the destruction of his ship, and believes that it can be saved by resorting to nuclear weapons, will be under pressure to defy orders and use them. True, a captain can't do this alone; officers junior to him are instructed to refuse to obey an order to use nuclear weapons unless they can confirm independently that authorization has been received. But it goes against a Navy man's training to refuse to obey an order from his commanding officer.

When McNamara first ordered the installation of PALs on land-based nuclear warheads, he faced stiff resistance from the military. Neither the Army nor the Air Force liked the idea of being responsible for weapons that they didn't ultimately control. The Navy today is no different. But ultimately, the same argument that overcame resistance to PALs on land-based weapons applies to sea-based weapons as well. Nuclear weapons must not be used without authorization from the highest authority. That rule is absolute. Devising a PAL that overcomes the difficulty of communicating with submarines won't be easy. The steadily increasing number of warheads on the water makes it all the more necessary. Even if the odds seem heavily against the unauthorized use of nuclear weapons at sea, what took place in the control room of the USS *Vincennes* on July 3 is a reminder that accidents can, and do, happen.

NORMAN MOSS

Norman Moss is a free-lance writer living in London.

Reagan's botched spy buildup.

MISSION INVISIBLE

BY GREGORY FOSSEDAL AND ANGELO CODEVILLA

At a time of increasing danger, the U.S. intelligence community has lost much of its ability to supply the president, senior officials, and the Congress with accurate and timely analyses. . . . The United States must have the best intelligence capability in the world. Republicans pledge this for the United States.

—Republican Party Platform, 1980

Promises, promises. Ronald Reagan attempted to deliver on them by increasing the budget for intelligence by much more than the budget for defense, by appointing the very bright Bill Casey as director of Central Intelligence, and by elevating his job to Cabinet rank. But rather than "rebuilding" America's intelligence capabilities, the Reagan administration has presided since 1980 over a string of intelligence failures, snafus, and downright disasters that makes even Jimmy Carter's record look good. Scratch one of the administration's foreign policy blunders and you'll find an intelligence failure.

Poland: In 1982 CIA Director William Casey bragged to a number of journalists that his operatives had discovered the Soviet plans for imposing martial law in Poland months before their 1981 execution. Now-defected Colonel Kuklinski, a key U.S. mole inside the Polish general staff, had transmitted the plans to incredulous U.S. officials in August 1981, pleading with them to take action. But the CIA personnel in charge of Eastern Europe believed they were phony—intended to lure the United States into premature action. Casey reportedly told the House intelligence committee in the fall of 1981, "There are no signs of a crackdown, and many signs pointing in the opposite direction."

Lebanon: Where were our agents? Where else but the

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embassy. Drawing on their limited reach, no less than Secretary of State George Shultz assured Reagan that a passive U.S. peacekeeping force could assure the survival of Lebanese president Gemayel and restore order to the country. Wrong on both counts. The lack of U.S. agents in the terrorist world made us vulnerable to the bombings that chased the United States first out of the embassy and then out of the country altogether.

Iranamok: Whether or not Ollie North was a patriot or villain in seeking to aid the Nicaraguan *contras*, the genesis of the scandal was in the Middle East. A near-total American dependence on foreign intelligence services led the United States first to sell arms to some of the most anti-American operatives in Iran, then to continue the sale unskeptically for more than a year.

Walker: Between 1967 and 1985 John Walker sold the Soviet Union our main code-making programs, along with countless other naval secrets. That the Soviets managed to locate a mole like Walker is, actually, not that astounding. What's frightening is that no one ever noticed that the Soviets were wiser than they should have been, and hence, no one tried to trace their knowledge back to its source. Only when Walker's wife turned him in did it occur to smug Navy and intelligence officials that such a mole might exist.

Panama: It's hard to know what's worse—if George Bush, Ronald Reagan, George Shultz, and others are concealing things they knew about the drug activities of Manuel Noriega, or if they actually were as ill-informed as they are now claiming. U.S. intelligence, led by the CIA, persistently misled administration and congressional officials about the internal situation. Early projections had it that Noriega would be toppled in a few days; he wasn't. U.S. sanctions, according to intelligence reports, would rapidly cripple the regime; they didn't.

The United States' recent losses in the game of spy vs. spy don't depend on any comparison with inflated Soviet achievements. What's important is not whether the United States is somehow "behind the Soviets" in some index of intelligence, though we probably are. The real question is, are there things we need or would like to know, but don't know? Measured by this prudent standard, U.S. intelligence suffers glaring weaknesses. Daniel O. Graham, former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency and deputy director of the CIA, and onetime Reagan adviser, says that "our intelligence in terms of taking lots of pictures and cranking out estimates is a lot better than ten years ago. Our intelligence in terms of knowing what we need to know is marginally worse—and it was pretty bad in the 1970s."

TO UNDERSTAND why the Reagan buildup failed, start with William Casey. Casey's brilliance was tempered by his awe of the agency, and by a focus on political action that crowded out the multibillion-dollar issues like what makes a good spy satellite. Casey knew a lot about classical espionage. He had been a spy-master in World War II. Even before taking office in 1981, he had intended to increase the diversity of the CIA's clandestine services by recruiting businessmen, and by adding part-timers to the service's corps of homogeneous bureaucrats. That's why he appointed Max Hugel, former president of Brother International Corporation, to head the service. The ensuing uproar from the clandestine career officers and their many friends in Washington focused on Hugel's business ethics. But what they really wanted was to frustrate any change in the service's operations. They succeeded. Having been nearly driven from office himself, Casey replaced Hugel with John Stein, who had served as the service's deputy chief during the Carter administration, and who deeply believed in the status quo.

It was always difficult to focus Casey's attention on technical—mostly satellite—intelligence collection. Most bureaucrats at the CIA and NSA were content to modernize the KH-11, America's main spy satellite. The KH-11 was developed at a time when U.S. leaders believed that arms control would limit the Soviet Union to building only single-warhead missiles launched from fixed silos or submarine tubes. Unfortunately, while missile technology and strategy has changed since then, the approach to reconnaissance has not. When the Pentagon argued for new technology, it met stiff resistance from the entrenched intelligence bureaucracy. Casey never could get excited about machines. So he punted, signed the budget requests that were put before him, and the bureaucracy committed the bulk of the U.S. intelligence budget into the mid-1990s to technical approaches conceived in the 1960s and 1970s.

CASEY WAS more concerned with counterintelligence. Unlike most of his generation, he was able to conceive that spy satellites could be fooled, and thought that the agencies ought to have programs to try to find out how the Soviets were using the copious knowledge that they had gained about our machines from Walker and other turncoats. He also had a lively sense of the ever present possibility of double agents. Moreover, there had been strong and growing bipartisan support in Congress for such counterintelligence measures as increased analysis, more FBI special agents, and fewer Soviets in the United States. Congress also directed the community to assess how specific losses of secrecy could benefit the Soviets.

The bureaucracy objected violently to all this: to question the security of satellites is to question the worth of a multibillion-dollar program as well as the importance of many people and careers. Casey never wavered from asserting the importance of the questions. But as an organization man, he limited himself to persuasion, and those willing to be persuaded were few.

Casey was a policy-maker at heart who cared about the usefulness of the reports that the intelligence community turned in to the president and Cabinet. He and his chief analyst (and later, chief deputy, Robert Gates) made sure that reports were shorter, more timely, and relevant to U.S. policy. In 1982, in the most remarkable speech ever given to CIA analysts, Gates pointed out that their record on big questions had been bad, that henceforth track records of analysts' judgments would be kept and used by promotion

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boards. The point, according to Gates, was to encourage analysts to pay more attention to the real world than to the demands of the agency's own subculture. Yet neither Casey nor Gates dared to do the things that would really have exposed that subculture to the winds of competition, namely to institute competitive teams of analysts and to authorize the Defense Intelligence Agency to issue "all source" intelligence reports that were given as much weight as those issued by the CIA.

In the end, Casey left American intelligence in the hands of those who had seized control of it in the revolution of the 1970s. But the events of the 1980s left their mark on those outsiders in Congress, the NSC, and the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board who have had the job of intelligence oversight.

Even Congress, which got into the business of oversight with the sole idea of protecting the country against an excess of intelligence capacity, has become convinced that the problem lies rather in forcing a hidebound bureaucracy to keep up with a changing world. During the mid-'80s, the critiques and suggestions emanating from Congress, the PFIAB, and the NSC had much in common. But the bureaucratic center prevailed because its ultimate boss, President Ronald Reagan, was an even more uncritical fan than Casey. The most notable example of Reagan's relationship with intelligence occurred in 1982. After arguments and counterarguments in the NSC, the president signed a directive on counterintelligence. A year later his staff informed him that the intelligence community had willfully disregarded it. Whereupon the president declined to take further action. The PFIAB, too, found in 1986 that no matter how strong its case that current technical collection systems were yielding diminishing returns, the president would not force the bureaucracy to do what it did not want to do.

THE GOOD NEWS is that an intellectual consensus for reform is emerging among many intelligence officials and observers. The reforms called for by the PFIAB, Congress, and the NSC can be implemented with equal vigor by liberals or conservatives. All implementation requires is the willingness to compare what U.S. intelligence must do to what it can do.

1. Recruit socially diverse, language-qualified officers who are also experts in a field, such as economics area studies, or military technology. One unpublished CIA estimate shows that most agents now have no particular expertise in a field such as physics, chemistry—or even a particular field of culture, history, or the social sciences—that might be useful or essential. And a recent study of the CIA's Mexico City agents for the PFIAB found that only a handful spoke Spanish—a relatively common language—at a 3-rating level of competence or better on the State Department's 5-point scale.

2. Then send them abroad in ways that allow them to pose as citizens of third countries, or at least as something other than U.S. government employees. Our CIA, according to a 1981 report that still holds today, makes less use of agents recruited abroad than nearly any other major intelligence service, including those of Britain, France, and Israel. The vast majority of our spies, as in Lebanon, operate under thin and predictable cover as embassy officials. By the agency's own rules, only a limited percentage of officials at a given embassy may be U.S. agents. The United States receives disproportionately great returns from the minuscule number of businessmen and scientists it employs as part-time intelligence officers, and from the very few who live under "unofficial" cover. It receives disproportionately small returns from the small army of thinly covered career bureaucrats. We need spy-masters who can go safely where Americans stand out like sore thumbs or are not welcome.

3. Put more eyes in the skies. We could orbit many cheap, low-resolution satellites, with multidisciplinary sensors, to blanket the Soviet Union and keep track of mobile missiles. Instead of orbiting a few, well-known electronic "vacuum cleaners" to scoop up and sort a diminishing number of nuggets out of the increasing volume of electronic junk on the world's airwaves, we should use unorthodox technical means to place electronic ears in well-chosen places. We get immeasurably more on the very few occasions when a camera or an antenna is somewhere the Soviets don't expect it to be than during the years of "normal" operations that the Soviets have come to expect.

4. Institutionalize skepticism. There is no alternative to establishing career counterintelligence services within each of our intelligence agencies. These services should be filled with analysts rather than with gumshoes. Their primary job must be to question the security of our own intelligence operations. To expect a government employee to criticize fairly the judgment of others is realistic only if his own career is not subject to those whom he criticizes. Moreover, since the task of counterintelligence transcends the individual agencies, there must be a set of central files where people cross-trained in espionage and satellite collection can look over the whole gamut of intelligence data to spot clues to disasters like the Walker ring.

5. Competition. The recipe for better analysis can be reduced to this one word. Analysis would improve significantly by cutting down on intellectual incest. Moreover, too many intelligence reports deal with matters that involve little if any secret information. The CIA must avoid subjects like population trends in Ruritania, on which there is plenty of public information, and report hard data on hard questions, such as the Soviet ABM system. In such cases, it must go further along the path on which Robert Gates set it, of separating the fragments of fact from the mass of conjecture.

The key to these reforms is for the next president to choose innovation over extrapolation of arrangements that are serving us less and less well. He, his CIA director, and his NSC adviser must look over the intelligence community's shoulder with the intention of keeping its nose to the grindstone. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Self-portrait, with Others

It may come as a surprise to some that Ingmar Bergman is an accomplished writer. His directing gift is so powerful, whatever the overall merits of a specific film, we can forget that directing is only part of his talent, the completion of what he wrote. The courageously simple opening shot of *Hour of the Wolf* is the work of the same man who wrote Al-

The Magic Lantern
by Ingmar Bergman
translated from the Swedish by Joan Tate
(Viking, 308 pp., $19.95)

ma's crystalline opening speech. The acutely staged scene between Elisabet and her psychiatrist in *Persona* was done by the same man who wrote the excellent dialogue. (I'm judging by subtitles, of course. They are convincing; the published screenplays further substantiate matters.)

Add to this that Bergman began his career as a playwright and that he was brought into films as a writer, and it is all the less remarkable that his autobiography is itself a Bergman work in the line of Bergman works. I don't mean only that it is sensitively written, though it certainly is. (Of a meeting late in life with Garbo: "In the half-light in that cramped room, her beauty was imperishable. . . . It existed like a vitality around the big pure features of her face.") The more pertinent quality of *The Magic Lantern* is that Bergman did not choose to write a conventional chronicle any more than, in many of his films, he used conventional narrative. As with his films, the form fits his intent: form is as important a part of the autobiography as it is of *Wild Strawberries*.

The key to the book's form is the attempt for simultaneity. Bergman wants the structure to convey that, for him, the past, every plane of it, is inseparably woven with the present: the present *is* the past, moving forward. To achieve this simultaneity is of course impossible (as Joyce found out at somewhat greater length), but the hot impulse to realize it—this recognition of the terrible transience and terrible permanence of experience—is always heartaching in the hands of a good artist.

So the reader who wants the "complete" story of Bergman's life and career, told in orthodox manner, would do better with Frank Gado's invaluable *Passion of Ingmar Bergman* or even Peter Cowie's pedestrian biography. *The Magic Lantern* contains a great deal of material that those authors could not have known, but completeness and chronological order are not Bergman's concern. This is a book on the subject of a life, not a record of that life.

The first three chapters, up to page 32, are a vivid account of his family and childhood. Then comes his first visit to a theater; and we get the first explicit connection with his work—a moment that he later used in *After the Rehearsal*. And then, just two pages later, we read: "In 1986, I was to direct Strindberg's *A Dream Play* for the fourth time . . ." But this leap doesn't mean that Bergman has now abandoned his early years: they recur and recur, seen at different stages in different lights, braided through his personal and professional life, as he remembers his emotionally blundering, well-meaning father, a pastor, and his patient but not entirely submissive mother, his older brother and younger sister, and the effect on him of early tensions—tensions that still make him prone to physical upheavals.

Inevitably, we see all these histories, early and late, family and marital and extramarital and professional, through the prism of his films. He posits no simplistic one-to-one relation between life and films—though he often points out the subsequent film use of something he has just related (such as his youthful sojourn in Nazi Germany)—yet this book seems like a backdrop falling into place behind his films. They would be quite self-sufficient if this book had never been written, but now that it exists, the films become even richer, as a testimony of transmutation.

Two aspects of his career are striking. First, his theater work, the major part of his career, and his film work seem mutually supportive. We see how one activity nourished the other, especially in his continuing use of a familiar group of actors. Second, he is deeply rooted in a teeming culture. Many of the people he knew in Stockholm and in the countryside were predestined "characters" for him. Example: one summer day in the country, the boy Ingmar is sent

> to an outlying barn on the other side of the river where lived an old woman, much respected for her medical skills and cheese-making. She had been mentally ill for a few years, and . . . she was shut in a shed on [her family's] farm and her bellows could sometimes be heard all over the village. . . . The old woman was tall with grey-streaked hair parted in the middle, her eyes dark blue. . . . She was standing bare-armed and bare-legged out in the yard sawing wood.

I can't remember that scene in any Bergman film, but we all know the films that came from the world around that old woman.

Further, Bergman apparently sensed

FILMS WORTH SEEING

A Fish Called Wanda. John Cleese flourishes even after the breakup of Monty Python in this frequently funny farce about Anglo-American teamwork in a London bank heist. (Reviewed 8/29/88)

The Last Temptation of Christ. Martin Scorsese directs with feverish energy, Willem Dafoe plays Jesus with vernacular conviction in this utterly serious, occasionally moving account of a Christ with mortal qualities. (9/12&19/88)

Midnight Run. A trite and noisy story, about an investigator bringing a crook across the country, but the scenes between Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin are nuttily flavorful. (8/29/88)

Pascali's Island. Ben Kingsley, Charles Dance, and Helen Mirren, in that order, are the reasons for seeing this attenuated picture about intrigue on an Aegean island in 1908. (8/8&15/88)

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that he was entering and carrying on a line of theater-film artists in whom his country had an interest. So his nine-year exile—because of his country's shameful harassment of him on tax-evasion charges, later dropped—was all the more painful. That exile seems to have crystallized for him in language: he was exiled not just from Sweden but from Swedish. (One strong reason for his devotion to Strindberg, I'm convinced, is that Strindberg is the only great dramatic genius who has written in Bergman's native language.) Absence from Swedish oppressed him.

Speaking of language and culture: Joan Tate's translation of this book has delicacy and true pitch. One oddity: presumably she's British, and she uses the word "producer" inconsistently—both in its outmoded British sense of theater director and as we would use it in the film world. Also, such spellings as "colour" and "rancour" have been retained in the American edition.

My emphasis on the form of *The Magic Lantern*, on the ostinato of his early life through the book, must not seem to scant the many long passages, revealing and insightful, about his professional life. (There are two puzzling omissions. He never mentions the two most prominent male performers in his films, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand.) The reflections on directing in film and theater, on acting, on life in these professions, seem to move toward *After the Rehearsal*, his exquisite meditation on these subjects.

In its structure, its tone, its intent, Bergman's book asks to be judged, not as a factual account, however good, but as a work of literature. It succeeds—exactly as he wanted it to: *The Magic Lantern* is as personal and penetrating as a Bergman film, wry, shadowy, austere. The last two chapters are particularly fine, one each about his father and his mother. The book finishes with a quotation from his mother's diary in 1918:

> Our son was born on Sunday morning on 14 July. . . . He looks like a tiny skeleton with a big fiery red nose. . . . He is called Ernst Ingmar.

Then the entry becomes unwittingly prophetic of Ernst Ingmar's later dilemmas. She is thinking of leaving her husband but decides against it:

> I don't think I have the right to leave. . . . I pray to God with no confidence. One will probably have to manage alone as best one can. □

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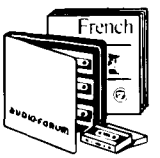

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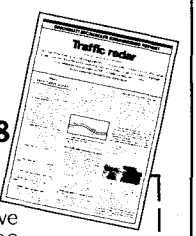

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A Velvet Bridge

The Collected Poems, 1931-1987 by Czeslaw Milosz

(Ecco Press, 511 pp., $30)

In an essay Czeslaw Milosz wrote in 1963, he remarked upon the ability of certain lyrical poets like Boris Pasternak and Julian Tuwim

> to elude the dilemma which for my generation was insoluble but oppressive: for us a lyrical stream, a poetic idiom liberated from the chores of discourse, was not enough, the poet should also be a *thinking* creature; yet in our efforts to build a poem as an "act of mind" we encountered an obstacle: speculative thought is vile, cunning, it eats up the internal resource of a poet from inside.

When the youthful Milosz was writing in Poland during the Second World War, he did not seem to experience this "dilemma" strongly. He wrote out of a persuasion that the work of poets like himself must "contain history." There was no choice; and as far as one can tell from these poems, he did not yet believe that "a lyrical stream" necessarily meant "liberation" from "the chores of discourse." With one major exception, these early poems are sharply phrased lyrics, pungent and bitter in evoking the helplessness that Milosz and others felt during the Nazi occupation of Warsaw. These are the kind of poems that the last century has made familiar, but to which we can still respond directly.

Today, however, in the "conversations" with Milosz that two admirers have put together (*Conversations with Czeslaw Milosz* by Ewa Czarnecka and Aleksander Fiut, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 332 pp., $27.95), Milosz expresses impatience with these "civic-minded" poems of his youth, just as he has recently bridled against A. Alvarez's description of him in the *New York Review of Books* as a "witness" to 20th-century Europe. "I rebel against any attempt to reduce me to those poems," says Milosz; and one feels a certain sympathy, for which writer has not "rebelled" (though seldom with any success) against being "typecast"?

Yet the later Milosz, the writer of "speculative thought" drawn to theology and metaphysics, is finally helpless before the presence of his own career. Such lyrics as "Campo dei Fiori" (1943) and "In Warsaw" (1945) have by now gained an autonomous life. "Campo dei Fiori" returns to a carousel at the edge of the Warsaw ghetto where "the bright melody drowned / the salvos from the ghetto wall," and "In Warsaw" asks, "Was I born to become / a ritual mourner?" These poems survive in memory, and I don't see how anyone can deny that, as Alvarez wrote, they are the work of a "witness." Which is not to say *only* a "witness."

The major achievement of the early Milosz—a masterpiece, I think—is a rather strange, quasi-pastoral poem called "The World," written, as he notes, "in the style of school primers, in neatly rhymed stanzas," and superbly translated by the author himself. "The World" consists of 20 short lyrics imagining—in Warsaw, 1943—"the way the world should be." It offers a vision of utopia, a utopia of ordinariness, almost Biedermeier in its stimulated naïveté, where children go to school ("Crayons rattle among crumbs of a roll"), read picture books (in which a moth "flits over a chariot that speeds through the dust"), Father sits in the library explaining geography to the children, and birds bring news from "a world that is bright, beautiful, warm and free." This Song of Innocence depends crucially on its dateline, "Warsaw 1943:" text and dateline teetering in unstressed poignant irony.

My little anthology of favorite Milosz poems, about two dozen lyrics, might be called Songs of Experience. In part, they are written by the Milosz against whom Milosz now chafes, by the poet "actively involved in history," but in part they are also the work of a poet who detests history and struggles to break away from it. I see this Milosz as a writer who can no more escape his century, however, than flee his skin; who is embroiled in a recurrent, sometimes irritable struggle of the self "not to appear other than I am"; and who keeps returning to a recognition of his own vulnerability.

This Milosz—let's say "my" Milosz—is a lyricist *and* "a meditative poet," if not quite yet a metaphysical one. He is a meditative poet in his lyrics, and these prove to be adequate for carrying his meditation. This Milosz is a poet of deep uneasiness, bruised by the roles into which circumstances thrust him, harried by shame over real or imagined lapses of conduct, struggling with a vanity he cannot quite contain, seeking to achieve the stability of faith while honest enough to admit his distance from it. He writes as a man of divisions ("I am not my own friend / Time cuts me in two"), and with a poet of divisions, even alien divisions, one can feel kinship.

Here are a few instances, spanning six decades, of the Milosz I want to bring to the foreground. His work has been nicely translated into a high-middle English, neither rhetorical nor colloquial, by poets like Robert Haas, Robert Pinsky, and Milosz himself. Reading through the collected poems, I have felt an excessive evenness or sameness of tone in these translations—mostly plateau, few peaks or valleys—but that must have been how Milosz wanted them, since by now his English is quite as good as that of native speakers.

"Child of Europe" (1946), an instruction to the heartless:

> Love no country: countries soon disappear.
> Love no city: cities are soon rubble . . .
> Do not love people: people soon perish.
> Or they are wronged and call for help.

"In Milan" (1955), a defense against the charge (it now seems ironic) of being "too politicized":

> If you have a nail in your shoe, what then?
> Do you love that nail? Same with me . . .
> I could compose, right now, a song
> On the taste of peaches, on September in Europe.
> No one can accuse me of being without joy
> Or of not noticing girls who pass by . . .
> Yes, I would like to be a poet of the five senses,
> That's why I don't allow myself to become one.

"Veni Creator" (1961), one of the poems in which Milosz reaches toward a faith that seems to come only in spasms:

> Come, Holy Spirit,
> bending or not bending the grasses,
> appearing or not above our heads in a tongue of flame . . .
> I am only a man: I need visible signs.
> I tire easily, building the stairway of abstraction.

"Gift" (1971), a lyric in which the poet, distancing himself from the demons of history, affirms pleasure in simple being. I quote entire:

> A day so happy.
> Fog lifted early, I worked in the garden.
> Hummingbirds were stopping over honeysuckle flowers.

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There was no thing on earth I wanted to possess.
I knew no one worth my envying him.
Whatever evil I had suffered, I forgot.
To think that once I was the same man did not embarrass me.
In my body I felt no pain.
When straightening up, I saw the blue sea and sails.

"On Prayer" (undated), an equally fine lyric, I quote entire:

You ask how to pray to someone who is not.
All I know is that prayer constructs a velvet bridge
And walking it we are aloft, as on a springboard,
Above landscapes the color of ripe gold
Transformed by a magic stopping of the sun.
That bridge leads to the shore of Reversal
Where everything is just the opposite and the word *is*
Unveils a meaning we hardly envisioned.
Notice: I say *we*: there, everyone, separately,
Feels compassion for others entangled in the flesh
And knows that if there is no other shore
We will walk that aerial bridge all the same.

And finally, from the late "Six Lectures in Verse" (1985):

Theologians are silent. And philosophers
Don't even dare ask: "What is truth?"
And so, after the great wars, undecided,
With almost good will but not quite,
We plod on with hope. And now let everyone
Confess to himself. "Has he risen?" "I don't know."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Milosz of these poems, not the man who wrote them but the figure that appears in them, is a poet in whom "thought fights with thought" (the phrase is W. S. Landor's), memories gnaw at the mind, the homelands of Eastern Europe abut the new lands of California. The self turns to accusation against itself, and at times an oddly Calvinist sensibility breaks into the work of this poet born Catholic. Perhaps strongest of all is the testimony, from Vilna and Warsaw to Paris and Berkeley, of what it has meant to live in this century, entangled (alas) "in history." The moral consciousness encompassing these poems is utterly scrupulous, earning the deepest respect. When Milosz writes about faith he means exactly that, and not any sort of fashionable aestheticizing of either experience or belief.

At least in English translation, Milosz does not emerge as one of those blessedly "natural" poets—like, say, Frost, Amichai, Drummond de Andrade—who can strike an image or sketch a scene that is absolutely right. He does not overpower one through force of imagination or virtuosity of language. He writes thoughtfully, in sustained reflection, in a gentlemanly Polish way.

But there is another Milosz, by some accounts, including his own, the major one. Donald Davie, in a fine little book (*Czeslaw Milosz and the Insufficiency of Lyric*, University of Tennessee Press, 92 pp., $8.50), writes that in midcareer Milosz came to feel "the insufficiency of the lyric mode for registering, except glancingly, the complexity of 20th-century experience." Abandoning what Davie calls "the fixed standpoint of the lyrically meditative 'I,'" Milosz in his later years began to use longer and more complex forms, struggling up "the stairway of abstraction." Milosz himself speaks of wanting "a more spacious form / That would be free from the claims of poetry or prose." What that form might be, is hard to say.

The generous-minded Davie is cautious in assessing this turn in Milosz's poetry to what might be called the "essay-poem." About an early instance, "Album of Dreams" (1959), Davie remarks that it is "tedious" (younger readers would say "heavy"), and I must agree. About another long piece, "Bobo's Metamorphosis" (1962), Davie has words of praise, and indeed there are a few brilliant and separable lyric segments, especially one containing a variation on a passage from Ovid. But in my perhaps constricted reading of Milosz's long poems, I find much unevenness, striking passages next to arid stanzas. And if Milosz's idea really was to surmount "the insufficiency of the lyric," he may not have succeeded, since most of his longer poems break down into lyrical fragments.

But is it really true that the lyric is "insufficient" to speculative thought? It may be insufficient to system-making, or to an extremely rarefied order of abstraction, but to speculative thought? My impression is that Milosz's mind is at its strongest in his lyrics, and that his natural gift, as distinct from the pressing of his will, remains for the lyric, which is an endlessly flexible and tensile mode able to accommodate as much meditative substance as a poet needs or provides. True, by its very nature the lyric lacks extension or duration; but in the work of the great lyric poets there is a compensating interplay of thought among lyrics. And I think Milosz's own work bears this out.

Still, it is only fair to add that my

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problems with Milosz's longer poems may be due to my deficiencies as a reader, as well as to my distance from his intellectual concerns. Christian theology, gnosticism, Polish history, the writings of Lev Shestov and Simone Weil, all discussed in Milosz's conversations with Czarnecka and Fiut, have been major preoccupations of his later years; if not in the foreground of his long poems, they evidently are somewhere behind them. For a reader like myself, lamentably cool to metaphysics (though not, I hope, indifferent to meditation), these long poems, and the concerns winding through them, result in dryness of voice—or as Milosz himself has said, they "eat up the internal resources of a poet from inside."

And yet Milosz the lyricist breaks through now and again in these long poems. "City Without a Name" (1968) is a meditation on the workings of memory, with the poet moving from American locales to Warsaw scenes, and in one splendid section turning to a natural setting that "matches" the colors of the self:

> Yet what is too dazzling and too high is not for me,
> So when the clouds turn rosy, I think of light that is level
> In the lands of birch and pine coated with crispy lichen,
> Late in autumn, under the hoarfrost when the last milk caps
> Rot under the firs and the hounds' barking echoes,
> And jackdaws wheel over the tower of a Basilian church.

More engaging still is another long sequence, "With Trumpets and Zithers" (1965), a gathering of 11 dithyrambic poems in long, loping Whitmanesque lines ("I address you, my consciousness"):

> I believed I would understand but it is late and I know nothing
> except laughter and weeping,
> The wet grasses of fertile deltas cleansed me from time and changed
> all into a present without beginning or end.

Here the philosophical or "speculative" motif finds a subdued place in a flow of rhapsodic particulars, and what is, is enough: "a dress crumpled as it was, this way, no other."

IRVING HOWE

Irving Howe's most recent book is *The American Newness: Culture and Politics in the Age of Emerson* (Harvard University Press).

LITTLE RICHARD

Remembering America: A Voice from the Sixties by Richard N. Goodwin

(Little Brown, 552 pp., $19.95)

Most of us who watched the inauguration ceremonies in 1961 overlooked the presence of Richard N. Goodwin. The opening page of his book makes amends for this. "At noon . . . I become assistant special counsel to the president. . . . My elevation took place simultaneously" with that of John F. Kennedy. "As I stood in that bitter-cold, iridescent day . . . it seemed as if the country and I were poised for a journey of limitless possibility. . . . I watched the inaugural parade from the presidential reviewing stand." The president, he recalls in parenthesis, was also there. "It was emblematic of New Frontier heroics that I sat . . . through the freezing hours of an interminable procession. . . . When the parade was over . . . I walked along the first-floor corridor toward the Oval Office. Approaching me . . . I saw the figure with whom I had shared 60 days in the cramped cabin of a twin-engined Convair named *Caroline*" during the campaign.

" 'Dick,' he called, beckoning me.

" 'Mr. President,' I replied. . . . If there was such swollen warmth in saying it, what must it be like to hear?"

Goodwin's book concludes with the assassination of Robert Kennedy. Goodwin is again present on the reviewing stand. He does not spare the reader his glimpses of Kennedy's wife and brother in the hospital room, two figures in their private agony of prostration and prayer. And then he concludes, "I left the room, and, without a parting word, departed the hospital for my hotel. I made love. I slept." If there was such swollen warmth in the moment, what is it like for the reader to hear?

Between this beginning and this ending, Goodwin's 500 pages do not falter in their self-bemusement. This unfortunate book has been brought to its unpromising life by self-indulgence out of self-delusion. We knew that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. We did not know that it was "On my birthday. On Dick Goodwin's day." The reaction of a boy, maybe, but recollected with no true self-awareness, and telling us nothing we need to know, beyond the fact that the boy saw himself as the center of the world. The Supreme Court handed down its decision in *Brown* v. *the Board of Education*: "I did not foresee" from it "that America and I were already embarked. . . ." The America "remembered" in the title is always this coupled country and I. These passages, and the book as a whole, could not tell us more clearly that its author has not yet outgrown what Michael Oakeshott calls the "sweet solipsism" of the young. The title of Goodwin's book is not only offensive in its suggestion that America needs to be remembered because it is no longer here, but petulant in the main argument that follows: that America ceased to exist in 1968 when Richard N. Goodwin was no longer somewhere near its center.

But how near? Even before Kennedy entered the White House, he says, "I was insinuating myself into a very large role in Latin American policy." Yet Goodwin's own lengthy account makes it painfully clear how brief, and of what slight consequence, his role was—and how dispensable he was to Kennedy, who quickly booted him out of the White House with few courtesies, and without the opportunity to discuss the matter that Goodwin says he had been promised. ". . . Let me tell you exactly how I felt." Like "a rejected lover." Alas, the "mild melancholy" (his phrase) when the warmth unswells. Kennedy

> valued my services and rewarded them with large responsibilities, yet he was willing to allow, to author, my separation from the luminous center when he felt it necessary. . . . Nor did my understanding of his reasons eliminate a certain personal resentment, a feeling of mistreated loyalties.

But in his infatuation with the-President-and-I, Goodwin misinterpreted, as he overrated, his role. At the Alliance for Progress conference in Punta del Este, he was

> a roving delegate without any formal position, whose only authority was the general assumption that I was "Kennedy's man." . . . Nor was it a deception. Admittedly, Kennedy had not designated me his spokesman. He didn't have to. I understood his policies and objectives. . . . Our job—my job . . .

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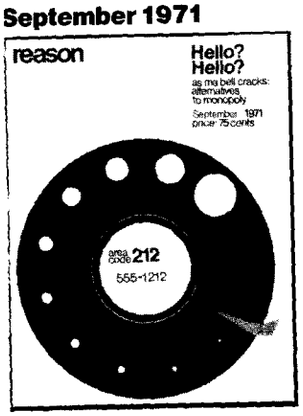

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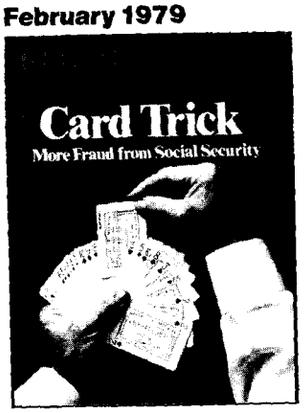

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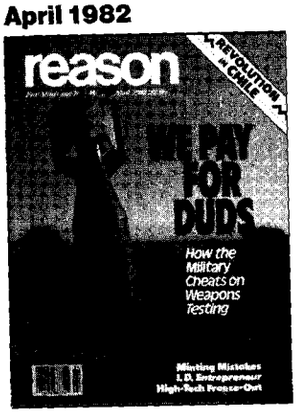

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Not only was Douglas Dillon, the secretary of the treasury, a man of weight, the head of the American delegation, appointed by Kennedy to be "his man," but when Goodwin before the conference told the president, "I can't even get the State Department to agree on a position," Kennedy replied: "Never mind. I'll talk to Dillon." And through Dillon the thing was done.

It was at the Punta del Este conference that Goodwin had the private meeting with Che Guevara that provided Kennedy with the irresistible occasion for expelling Goodwin from the White House. The meeting could not have been, in the manner of its arrangement, more irresponsible. A young Brazilian delegate and a French journalist asked Goodwin to a late-night party, where they called Guevara, who arrived at 2 a.m. in his combat fatigues with two bodyguards. The meeting lasted until almost 6 a.m. The uproar when the meeting became known in Washington was predictable:

> Had I been wiser and more experienced, I would probably have left [when Guevara arrived]. But what the hell, I told myself in the highest tradition of Kennedy-style machismo. . . . Anyway, I rationalized, this wasn't a meeting, it was just a 'chance encounter.' . . . [M]y real motive for remaining . . . was curiosity about this romantic figure of revolution. I wanted to talk with him.

There is a voice from the '60s. He wanted to rap with Che. Hang the president. The president hanged him.

THE REST OF what Goodwin has to say of Kennedy's campaign and presidency is small potatoes: no information beyond what we already knew, no telling anecdote not heard before, no insight born of 25 years of reflection. How could it be otherwise? He flitted through the White House, a speechwriter who imagined himself a policymaker, who shirked the more disciplined responsibilities at the State Department to which Kennedy dispatched him, and at his own whim went instead to the Peace Corps, where "I had returned to America. The America of the sixties." Kennedy "trusted me. Within limits. He often exposed his private thoughts and intentions in my presence. Again, within limits." This book is the evidence of just how confined those limits were.

It is the same when Goodwin is brought back to the White House by Lyndon Johnson, where again he served only briefly. Once more, his activities were confined; and if LBJ spoke to him as freely as he would have us believe, he talked more tediously and more predictably than anyone who ever heard him knew Johnson to speak. Others have complained of the lengthy quotations from people's conversations that spatter this book. The problem is not only that nobody can remember conversations in this way, but that Goodwin's quotations do not catch the way in which the people in fact spoke. We are told that in describing his visit to an impoverished household in Appalachia, Johnson said: "Then as I walked out, I noticed two pictures on the wall. One was Jesus Christ on the cross. The other was John Kennedy. I felt as if I'd been slapped in the face." It is highly doubtful that LBJ would have used, in that context, either of the forms, "Jesus Christ" or "John Kennedy." But above all, it is wildly improbable that, even if he felt an affront, he would have expressed it in a manner that made him seem small. Johnson simply did not think of an injury as trifling as "a slap in the face."

And are we to believe that a man as shrewd as Johnson truly "confided" in a young man known to be a Kennedy confidant; in fact, a Kennedy spy. One of the usefulnesses of Goodwin to the Kennedy court-in-exile in 1964-65 was that he brought them news from the LBJ White House. Goodwin sped from the White House to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s house on O Street in Georgetown, and even in the presence of a British journalist, there betrayed the president he was serving, and told what he knew of the events in the White House that day.

THE IMPLAUSIBILITY of Goodwin being a Johnson confidant is the crucial weakness of the one new insight that the book may seem to contain: Goodwin's argument that, as early as 1965, Johnson was suffering from clinical paranoia. What is at fault in Goodwin's portrait of the paranoid president is not only that he does not appreciate how people in positions of great power, under the day-to-day pressures of politics, let off steam in the evening—we know from other sources that LBJ gathered members of the White House staff in the evening to do precisely that—but that he imagines that the politician on such occasions is talking to him, he is important, and the chosen recipient of the president's confidences.

Lyndon Johnson once called a handful of foreign correspondents in Washington to his office, to talk mainly, obviously, about the Vietnam War. We expected to be there for a half hour at the most. It must have been an hour later that a secretary reminded Johnson that he was expected at the McNamaras for dinner. Perhaps another 45 minutes went by before he was reminded again that his secretary of defense and his guests would soon be sitting down to dinner. LBJ reached for the phone himself. He'd be along soon, he said to McNamara, "And tell Margaret" (he may have said "Maggie") "to go ahead with dinner. I'll bring a can of Campbell's tomato soup." It seemed to be more than two hours before we stumbled back on to Pennsylvania Avenue. We had heard one of Johnson's famous monologues. It contained enough of the lore of politics to last a lifetime, and within it, although there was no "news" for us, deep reflections on the limits of power, its snares and delusions. (In fact, we had been made privy to the most important news of all: that the president was feeling trapped, already in 1966, by the American involvement in Vietnam that he had inherited.) The monologue could have been interpreted as a symptom of mania or paranoia, but not by anyone who has heard any other trapped politician speak in such a way.

GOODWIN TELLS us one interesting fact. Early in 1964 Johnson "mused softly" to him: "They're trying to get me into war over there. It will destroy me. I turned them down three times last week." Goodwin muses in turn: "Not Cuba. Laos or Vietnam, perhaps." In 1965, when I had an interview with Johnson, he explained why he thought the United States should never have become involved in Vietnam, but that neither he nor his advisers could see a way out. Then he said, "You saw when you came in those protesters outside carrying the Viet Cong flag. They'll bring me down. But as long as I'm president of the United States, they'll be allowed to parade the Viet Cong flag out there." And so they were. To accuse this man of clinical paranoia is a reflection on the accuser, who saw (and still sees) the world and a presidency as revolving around him.

As a document of the two main administrations of the '60s, this book is unreliable and thin. Where it is thick is in its sometimes nine-page accounts of how Goodwin wrote a speech, and long

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excerpts from it for us to admire. So we are left with the "voice from the sixties." In a way, though usually unintentionally, it is a fair representation of what was most scatterbrained about that decade. Here is Goodwin "relating" to Guevara:

> We were both trapped in the contending forces of a world we had not made; passionate adversaries in the struggle to control the future. . . . Yet I liked the man. . . . "The true revolutionary," Guevara once wrote, "is moved by strong feelings of love." . . . He is describing a man at war with himself who must either withdraw from revolution, grapple the cruel and ruthless instruments of successful violence, or die. . . . Yet . . . as we sat together in the small sitting room of a shabby Montevideo apartment, I could sense shared passions ruthlessly struggling to cross the barrier of irreconcilable loyalties and beliefs. With this difference: in Che Guevara's quest, he was, in E. E. Cummings's words, "more brave than me, more blond than you."

In Goodwin's instance, there is scarcely even perfunctory self-correction after 25 years. The worn excuses are offered as boasts: the naïveté, always that, as if it is justifiable or even tolerable in a man in his 30s who enjoyed such advantages in education, and insists more than once that he was, and is, well read; the youth, preserved to grow into a deformity; the romanticism, false romanticism, tethered to no reality other than the ennobled Self, because youth so self-adoring has encountered no other reality; the belief that "I" feel not only for the peasant, but with the peasant, that in fact "I" am the peasant.

"POLITICS," Oakeshott says, "is an activity unsuited to the young, not on account of their vices but on account of what I at least consider to be their virtues." In our young days, "Nothing . . . has a fixed shape, nothing a fixed price; everything is a possibility, and we live happily on credit. . . . Nothing is specified in advance; everything is what can be made of it. The world is a mirror in which we seek the reflection of our own desires." Some "belie the saying that one is only young once, they never grow up." Such a one has written this book. The America he "remembers" and presumptuously exhorts at the end to return to itself is still to be found only in his own "I." That is why he can only remember it. Even now, as he sits in "the waning March days in frozen Concord," he does not find the solid America, the land of

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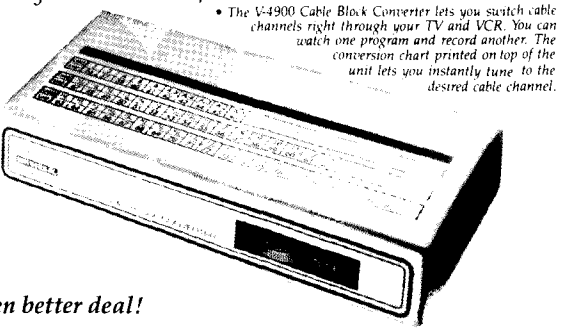

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weight and measure, that most of us come to know outside ourselves. No solid world has yet been disclosed to him. He does not know yet that "what we have spent on one thing we cannot spend on another"—including the emotions he spent in the '60s. But frozen stiff in them, he can still manage the swollen warmth.

HENRY FAIRLIE

SEEING THE LIGHT

Adolphe Appia, Theatre Artist by Richard C. Beacham

(Cambridge University Press, 190 pp., $44.50)

When I received this beautiful and informative book about Adolphe Appia by Richard C. Beacham, I gladly accepted it as an opportunity to acquaint myself with the achievement of this artist. You did well to send the book to me, because there is in my films to date, at least up to *Our Hitler* and *Parsifal*, a certain affinity with the work of Appia. The question is, just what is that affinity? In *Our Hitler*, for example, it could be seen as the empty space lighted by the projection of a few symbolic objects, which in *Parsifal* became one symbolic object: Richard Wagner's death mask. (This space was, of course, economically outfitted with stairs and practicals.) The case for my affinity with Appia should more likely be made, however, in the realm of ideas, seeing Appia in the context of history; for I myself made films, after all, and Appia was a man of the theater. But this connection between us would also be naive, because until I came upon a reference by Stanley Kauffmann, I knew nothing of Appia.

In the meantime a few things have changed. I have directed my own scripts (*The Night*) as well as those of others (Kleist's *Penthesilea*) in the theater—that is, in live theaters—instead of for film. This has resulted for me in the necessary adoption, or better, in the necessary detachment, of an artistic personality that looks to history for guidance, even when grappling with projects from his own era. I must admit, though, to having little patience and time for reading Appia's writings, for studying them closely and engaging them on every point (and in a foreign language at that). I look at the pictures in whatever book of Appia's I'm reading with curiously distant interest, and ponder my own artistic problems. And these at the moment have nothing to do with Richard Wagner, the great influence on Appia's thinking.

When Adolphe Appia (1862-1928) was thinking, writing, and trying to realize himself as an artist, he first had to do away with the theater as it existed. It was a theater dominated by historicism, which was allied with naturalism. Electric light presented new possibilities for the theater, though a retrogressive profession by nature (take Heiner Müller), and for film, which was competing against theater just as photography was competing against painting. Both were calling into question other art forms, were asking what their unique possibilities were and were not. Was art still to be regarded in the old sense, with photography and film united against it in a sudden, egotistical dictatorship of the masses, who would no longer have any need for qualitative hierarchies? Film began in Germany in the cinematographs of the cinematheques. What has become of it? That is, how have film and theater differentiated themselves from each other as separate expressions of the same longing? How have they influenced each other: fruitfully or faithlessly?

In America, as I see it, the theater is dwindling into mere entertainment, with an interest in nothing but the marketplace. Similarly, American film has for decades been turning itself into a huge factory of boulevard theater, with its time-tested mixture of kitsch and commerce, the most popular example of which is what I call the throwaway melodrama, intended for the mentality that demands little more satisfaction from a show than a customer does from a visit to a brothel. In Germany, expressionistic film arose out of the expressionistic theater and in accordance with old artistic traditions. But after the war such continuity disappeared.

Under the influence of the American (film) occupation, the public theater of today originated—that mixture of ideology, state subsidy, high pretentiousness, and quickly changing fashion. Alongside this public theater sprang up such events as happenings, environmental theater, performance art, and theatricalized works of art containing frozen figures and objects. Josef Beuys should be mentioned in this connection, as should Robert Wilson. Along the way there have been several influences, as on any intellectual movement: Wieland Wagner, Fritz Kortner, Bert Brecht. But were Leni Riefenstahl's films and Albert Speer's cathedral of light also influences, in that they were attempts to mirror the aesthetic side of the *volk* in its adherence to the Führer's will? The living reflection of the masses was the art of the *volk* become classicism on the screen. Consider, too, the "blood and soil" films of UFA under the Nazis and the neorealist cinema of postwar Italy. All this is very much in accord with my current interests, projects, problems.

I would so much like to be a student again, possessing Adolphe Appia's intellectual intensity, and studying his textbook of the modern theater modeled on the work of Richard Wagner; learning how Appia attempted to make the music embedded in a text manifest, through the translation of that text's inner rhythm into an intellectual-spiritual body of gesture and movement; how he attempted to clear the stage, to free it from all the constraints of obstructive technology and the pseudo-wealth of management's budget, as well as from the aesthetic fashions and ideologies of scenic discourse. Coming from film, however, I pursued my own course (which in recent years has escaped American viewers). I still very much stand by my previous ventures, both as a writer and a director (even to the point of letting those films be seen on videotape in other countries, if that is what people want). There was a mixture of theater and film in that work, and it showed itself to be as absolute in its rejection of the status quo as was Adolphe Appia when he envisioned his new stage. Since from now on I shall be departing from that mixture, however, a few remarks may help to explain where I stand, may serve for friends of my prior work as an intimate reminder of that which they once knew and as a distant report on what has become of it. Adolphe Appia has some-

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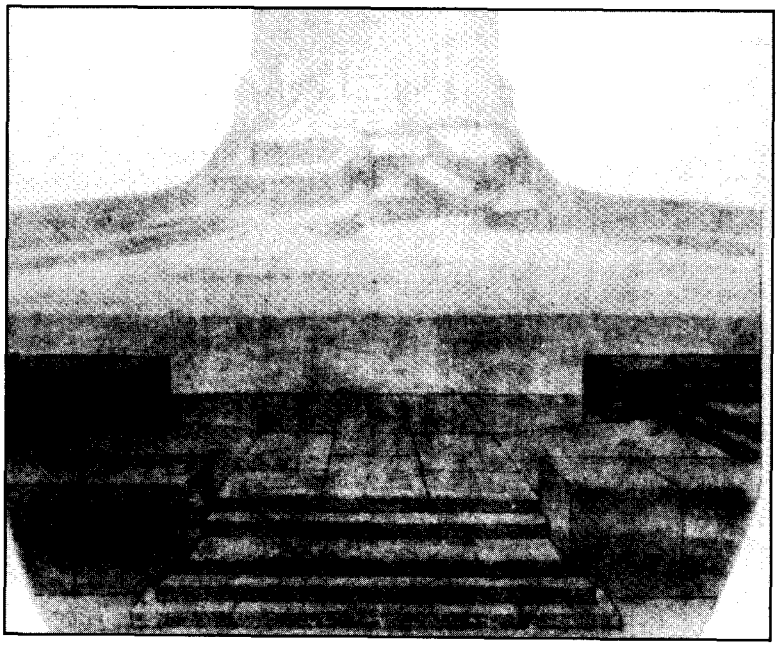
thing to do with my change in direction.

After *Parsifal*, doubtless the last film of mine seen by American audiences, I decided to clear the studio, to make it into an empty stage—to free my work of projections and meticulous editing and, more and more, of those layers that had previously characterized my films and given them density as one of their qualities: music, sound effects, words, and images, themselves uniquely layered. As it happened, my next work, *The Night*, originated both in a theater and on film, but without the characteristic qualities of my films up to that point. And if until now my films have been different from those of other directors, in that they were an expression of my inner worlds, were counterworlds to the world as it exists and to the world as it is ordinarily portrayed on movie screens and theater stages, then what I was presently creating would also be different.

Thus I abandoned the character and the actress from *Parsifal*, called Kundry by Wagner, and played by Edith Clever, who at the beginning and the end defined the limits of my film's cosmos, who contained it in herself, and yet who, when everything is over, will still be what she had been before it began. I chose instead a single human being to embody all the possibilities of expression, to express that for which in my films I needed design, music, words, and sound effects. In this human being, herself a different score for each of several texts, worlds were originated and expressed that contained those texts, on stage as on film.

This was more realistic than any reality, but it was realism of an inner sort, expressed through the face and through movement, whose various manifestations represent the coordinates of the spiritual realm; through light changes, through the eyes, and through the props and the gestures otherwise necessary to the performance. Everything in one human being: cutting and close-ups and long shots of landscapes; ubiquity of place and simultaneity of time; stairways and doorways, chases on land and chases on sea, heroes and beasts, nightmares and fantasies: all the images and the figures that populate the arts, with which we fill our films and plays. The same goes for rivers and walls, stones and trees, clothes and the elements, for everything from a storm to deadly silence: it was all able to be encompassed in a single human being.

And that is precisely what is often described as cinematic in books—the cutting to a close-up and then back to a full shot, which creates a corresponding emotional effect in the viewer, which mines his psychic depths through the manipulation of two-dimensional space—that was all created here by one human being, by the story contained in that human being's body and face. And if light helped in this process, it was not the kind that illuminates an area of the stage, but rather the kind that illuminates the play of spiritual forces on the face and over the body, as they move, figuratively speaking, from light into darkness or from darkness into light, either directly or in a roundabout way.



ADOLPHE APPIA, DESIGN FOR *DAS RHEINGOLD*, 1924

Thus an aesthetic system developed for something that required untraditional means for its expression. I was using a text that would be deemed unrepresentable or untransmittable, as it were, just as I had used *Parsifal*, that most difficult of operas. The subject of *The Night* was the world of conflicting scenarios produced by the devastation of Europe during World War II. Then came work based on the character of Molly Bloom, from Joyce's *Ulysses*, and on Fraülein Else, from Arthur Schnitzler's novella of the same name. Then, at last, I found Kleist's *Penthesilea*, the Prussian tragedy of a sacrificial love so absolute in its expression that it shames the gods into rescinding their own inflexible, murderous laws. This work succeeded where others had failed in eliciting a certain kind of visual response from me. That is, it stimulated me to express my inner worlds and thoughts and configurations in images and tones from another artist's work. And again it stirred me to defy the existing order: the real world, which resists its immortalization in art, and its art forms, which instead of doing justice to the world's complexities devote themselves to chronicling its ever-changing superficialities.

I would defy the existing order, moreover, in a form whose richness was not an artistic substitute for material wealth or religious surety, each of which sells itself as the ultimate answer to life's difficulties. I would create my art for the sake of human life, whose ancient nature has led to its ruin. I mean ancient in the simplest sense: human. And as if for the first time, to the few who were still in a position to bear its sight, I would present the human as it incorporates the whole of mankind in every aspect and particular.

After returning from my journey with *Penthesilea*, I opened Richard Beacham's book on Adolphe Appia and read of his struggles and his pronouncements, as close to me as they were far away. "Scenic illusion is the presence of the living actor." And also, "Again he underscores the primacy of the actor who alone provides the key to the *mise en scène*: 'It is imperative that we base a production on the presence of the actor, and in order to achieve this that we clear the stage of everything that is in conflict with him.'" Here we see the primacy of the actor in the master's blueprint for the stage, which he empties in order to enhance the actor's powers. And the man who uttered those words had to work with amateurs, who obviously did not have the talent of the great actors of his time, and with a poorly outfitted stage apparatus. But he also knew about music and its power once it took hold of someone who could respond to it. I read in Beacham's book, then, of one

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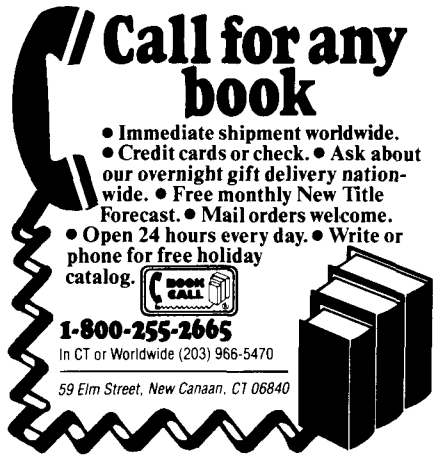
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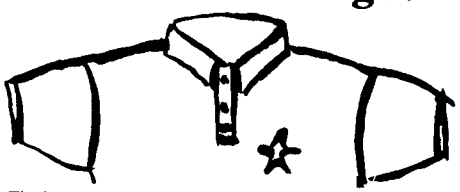

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of those revolutionaries whom you simultaneously push to the side and start curiously taking nibbles at, the heritage of whose experiment will produce great new riches.

I READ OF light as the soul of direction. But I also read that even at that time the electric light had produced a technical revolution whose wires and switches and lamps threatened to engulf the stage. And I read Appia's thoughts about the three-dimensional versus the two-dimensional representation of a forest onstage: for him the question really was, did you try to create a two-dimensional representation of a human being in that forest? (This question doesn't apply to film, of course, which in its two dimensions can record the real world.) I read, in addition, how to use objects and stage levels, together with light changes, to reveal the meaning of this facial expression or that body movement. And I thought of the cradle of dramatic representation, the ancient theater, which was set in the earth and under the sun instead of in some cave in the city, where our plays are staged. I thought of the self-knowledge that the ancients achieved through their plays, and of how hard it is for us to do the same. And the music beneath the surface of the scripts I've read lately tells me that out of the fragments into which our world has split—a fragmentation or atomization of which film is one expression—we must build the world up again, we must make it whole; and we can do this through renewed emphasis on the living actor, to the exclusion of everything on stage that does not bear on his art and his revelation.

In Appia's day, as I have pointed out, there was an attempt, aided by the advent of new lighting techniques, to cleanse the theater of historicism by clearing the stage and concentrating on essences. There were also clashes between the theater and the new medium of film—clashes that were not taken seriously because film wasn't recognized as an art form. Today, as we live under the threat of the world's destruction, we will have to decide whether we want an aesthetic of protest that lives by the soiled and lame ideology of technical supply and demand, or whether we want once again to clear the stage, to concentrate our thinking on what enhances nature, not on the technological consumption and the ecological colonization that destroy it. It will take very little to complete this destruction.

Knowing how much has been lost already, an artist finds it difficult to carry the burden of protest on his shoulders. Whether the burden is carried by the film's succession of flat images or the theater's three-dimensional stage, by pictures or by words, by music or by the human beings who make it, isn't the most important thing, finally. What is, is the point at which the imitation of nature starts thinking of itself as a substitute for nature. This practice should be avoided. Nature will achieve immortality only through art that is true to itself: that stands out authentically from the density of the whole and acknowledges the tragedy of our time; that stands fast and takes root in the firm knowledge of whence it has come and where it is headed, to what heights it is striving.

So we have the old confrontation between the audience's desire for realism and art's guilty longing for immortality, which its descendants alone can grant it in the very process of continuing the species, which is to say, mankind. And we have the confrontation between artists themselves: between the ones whose ritual is dying out and the ones whose new ritual will replace it. In the early 20th century, this was a struggle between old and new forms of theater. For me, it was a struggle between old and new kinds of film.

IN THAT SECTOR of Europe's subsidized theater that is committed to art, the struggle lies elsewhere: it is a headlong, absolutely destructive struggle between the community of intellect and the forces of the banal, the obscene, and the trivial over whether the genuinely serious stage, which always seeks ideal truth, shall be permitted to survive. We can call this theater utopian, paradisiacal, or Arcadian if we want, but we shall endure as a civilization only so long as we take up the mandate, issued to us by a protean reality, to find ourselves in art, in the high art of the theater as well as the other forms. If we do not, our culture's decline will be mirrored by our own. We can angrily tear that mandate up, if we wish; or, in frustration, we can just walk away and refuse to acknowledge its existence. On the other hand, we can zealously urge it on the public. But first it must at least be formulated as an expression of society's better judgment, if only to be consigned to our unconscious. For without such a mandate for art, society is dead,

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and in time even its echo will die.

Adolphe Appia fought in art's behalf, and his successors have done so, too. We have come quite far, but we have unintentionally run up against the business of art and its museums for tourists. Still, in our refusal to collaborate with the merchandisers, we do not run the risk, like Appia, of never realizing ourselves in the practice of our art. Like the late Glenn Gould, like the monks of old, we are still able to employ our skills to the extent that our memory will be preserved, that future generations will know why we lived.

ONE CAN REGARD the rebirth of electric light in the theater of Adolphe Appia as the event that made possible the fusion of all visual elements into an artistic whole, with the director as its overseer. But one can also regard this rebirth of electric light as the event that ultimately made film possible: film, the form that shined light on celluloid and thereby gave rise to the mass-produced living *image*, in contrast with the unique occurrence of *live* theater; the form that through the easy availability of its prints (its color prints, eventually) was mass-consumed in the movie house, and then was mass-consumed in the isolation of the home, first on television and then on videotape. Film's disciples greeted the theater's loss of aura as a victory over its obscurantism of the soul, its obscurantist metaphysics. In reality, however, the theater's "death" was the birth of dead light and dead images, the birth of a plastic art on film that split the nucleus of the world into a series of views and angles, much as scientists split the atom, and thus disturbed the world in ways we all know. Only the human spirit, like an echo of cultures past, has been able to cohere in the face of environmental destruction and the threat of nuclear holocaust.

Even with a bad production in the theater, one is still guaranteed the sight of human life, be it evil, miserable, or ordinary. Unable to present us firsthand with the grace of pure life, film has become, by contrast, evidence for the death of culture. Film's play of dead light represents the destruction of the world, the director as demiurge without the power to love and without the power to create, who has turned the stage into a studio where the dark light of the image is more important than the living light of human beings. And this same director, in a television studio for the taping of a show, becomes preoccupied with nothing so much as the lamps over and among the heads of his live audience, which in this era of network audience-shares achieves only a symbolic existence for its trouble and is finally dispensable, like the king at his court theater. The consumers of the media are the new audience, and they confirm the death of the old, live one.

Light belongs in the theater just as fire belonged on the altars of the ancient gods. One can even say that theaters exist for the purpose of letting light shine. The ordinances in Germany that, in the name of democracy, proudly prohibit the use in our best subsidized spaces of certain kinds of light in favor of other, more technically advanced kinds, and do so without any inkling of the artistic damage done, these ordinances are signs of self-government's own extinguishment under a mountain of official decree. They are signs as well of the extinguishment of the human spirit, which for centuries in Germany has had the freedom to challenge and to extend itself. These ordinances seal off our theaters from life and even from death, from the risks attendant in art—an art that is replaced, as a result, by protest ideologically founded on the Promethean gift of fire, that wellspring of life out of which art itself is fashioned. The loss to our stage of such domesticated fire as the living light of candles and gas signifies yet another gain for the cult of bureaucracy.

AND WHAT ABOUT the light that film took from the theater? Can film give the theater something in return? Could this gift be the very forbidden fire from which films live, and could it be in the form of a metaphor for the radiant or electronic impulses printed on those artificial substances, celluloid and videotape? That is, can film's visual freedom and its visual provocation—the ability that it has to set free in the viewer's unconscious a quiet profusion of images that flow unchecked into the depths of his heart—can these qualities be adapted to the theater, where they would become only one more leaf on the tree of artistic knowledge?

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logue of the representational self, the single human being onstage who becomes synonymous with the world and taps the selves of his spectators. The ancient dream of the poet would thus be fulfilled: to write poetry for the stage and have it realized there, this time in rhythms borrowed from film—the same rhythms that lend meaning to what otherwise would be an empty succession of images.

The only price for all this is that it lives off its own demise. It is art that sacrifices itself, in the end, to civilization, not the other way around. Yet art continues its celebration of civilization. Is it possible that it does so as never before?

HANS-JÜRGEN SYBERBERG

Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's films include *Our Hitler*, *Parsifal*, and *The Night*. This article was translated by Bert Cardullo.

THE GENTLEMAN DWEEB

Selected Letters by Edward Lear edited by Vivien Noakes

(Oxford University Press, 325 pp., $29.95)

Edward Lear (1812-1888), who supported himself mainly as a painter, illustrator, and watercolorist, was a much less prominent person for his contemporaries than he has become today. His nonsense verses, like the children's writings of Lewis Carroll, are now understood to betoken something portentous—we are not quite sure what, but it is probably the disintegrating destiny of our bourgeois civilization, or something like that. But Lear issued his first book of nonsense only under a pseudonym and left it that way for over 15 years. For most of his life, for most of his contemporaries, he was an elusive, inconspicuous figure.

Ill health kept him away from England for long periods of time. His paintings were sold mostly to personal friends. His watercolors and illustrations were done for groups as specialized as the parrot fanciers of England, or sold to individuals from his studio. Through it all, he remained largely anonymous. On one occasion, while traveling in a railroad carriage, Lear shared a compartment with a gentleman who was entertaining his children with "The Owl and the Pussycat." The gentleman told his children that the poem had been written pseudonymously by Edward Earl of Derby, to whom Lear had in fact dedicated his little book. After all, said the gentleman, pointing to the dedication, you need only note that "Edward Lear" on the title page is a clear anagram of "Edward Earl." Lear himself protested this, saying that he was both the author and illustrator of the book in question, but his bare word was insufficient for the eager exegete. Lear had to show his name, written in large letters inside his hat, and argue the point at some length in order to establish a grudging admission of his authorship. It was a story he liked to tell himself, ruefully.

From the start, Lear was a marginal man. The 20th and next-to-last child of a burdened mother and a bankrupt father, he was handed over when no more than an infant to the care of his older sister Ann, and then pushed out into the world, about the age of 15, to make his way. The university was not to be thought of. Neither was art school, though he showed a remarkable early talent for drawing. (His lack of formal artistic training, showing up particularly in his incapacity to draw the human figure, distressed him all his life. When nearly 40, he tried to take lessons at the Royal Academy, but he was too old for them to do much good.)

Some time about the age of ten, the most awful thing in the world happened to him at the hands of his cousin Frederick Harding. It happened on Easter Monday, April 8, 1822, and Lear never forgot it. In his diary he marked April 8 as a black day for many years to come. But he never said what the awful thing was, though of course we can guess. Vivien Noakes rather buried it in the back of her earlier biography of Lear, and in the present volume of Lear's letters it does not appear at all.

Lear suffered, recurrently, persistently, and sometimes simultaneously, from an appalling range of disabilities and afflictions. He was latently and guiltily homosexual, as evidenced by several different "crushes" on attractive young men. Epileptic fits racked him repeatedly, as many as 20 in a month; to ward them off he had no resource but long and exhausting feats of pedestrianism. His eyes were congenitally weak, and got steadily weaker. In later life, he was half-blind. His lungs were terrible, his throat was weak, and in cold weather a host of respiratory diseases threatened to carry him off. For most of his life he was a miserably lonely man, and subject to black melancholy fits that he called "the morbids."

Yet for all these disabilities, and a perennial, embarrassing shortage of money, Lear achieved two immense and quite extraordinary feats. He was a strenuous and resourceful traveler, who ventured not only all around the Mediterranean basin but far up the Nile, into the wilds of outer Albania, across India, and through most of the remoter districts of the Middle East. These were not prearranged Cook's tours from one posh hotel to another. They involved a lot of hiking, camping out, sleeping rough, getting bitten by savage dogs and stoned by superstitious natives. At the same time, Lear maintained in England a wide and distinguished circle of personal friends. They included lords and ladies, dukes, duchesses, viceroys, prime ministers, the poet laureate. He was even asked on one occasion to give some drawing lessons to Queen Victoria.

Whenever Lear came to England, he was likely to stay with one or several of his aristocratic friends. They had him to dinner. They corresponded with him, visited him at his homes on Corfu or in San Remo, advanced him money when he needed it, and took him with them on long trips. They liked to discuss art with him, perhaps because he wasn't too much of an artist. More to the point, they bought his pictures, sometimes to adorn their own homes, sometimes for presentation to a museum. He was a kind of intimate dependent, for whom his friends felt responsible. It was sometimes an irksome responsibility, for though Lear worked hard to disguise his importunities, there were a lot of them, and there are only so many ways to ask for money without actually doing so. Some of his fellow artists felt and ex-

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pressed jealousy of Lear's privileged access to a lordly clientele, and in a sense they were right. He was never forced to learn his trade. But the idea that he would have made a major artist under other circumstances is probably a fantasy.

With children—that is, in the avuncular or grandfatherly relation—Lear was perfectly and unaffectedly delightful. It was a side of his character that came out early, and never tarnished. As a young man hired to sketch the animals and birds in the Earl of Derby's menagerie at Knowsley, he was assigned to eat with the servants, until one evening the earl noticed that his children were drifting away from the dinner table as soon as they could—because, they said, of the young man downstairs who was so much fun. Invited upstairs, the young man proved just as entertaining to the earl and his guests.

THE LIST OF Lear's paradoxes is all but endless. He was a painter who never properly learned how to paint. He was an invalid who roughed it through the most forbidding of back country. He was a parlor entertainer at the piano who knew no music, a poet whose best work was done in a language of his own invention, a half-acknowledged homosexual who practically on his deathbed was still worrying whether he shouldn't get married. By turns crusty, petulant, and delightful, he was the friend of many and beloved of none—an Englishman who couldn't stand to live in England; an inveterate party-goer who hated crowds; the most high-spirited and morose of men; a non-stop worrier about money who lived in the pleasure spots of the haut monde, lived like one of the haut monde, yet was perpetually wretched. Perhaps the most limiting paradox of his life was that though he lived most of his adult existence outside England, he always sought out and became part of "colonies" of expatriate Englishmen. It was English society he lived in most of his life, but diluted by exile and limited by privilege.

Following up on her excellent biography of Lear, which appeared in 1968, Ms. Noakes has now brought out a selection of his letters. It is radically incomplete because Franklin Lushington, the literary executor, went through the surviving papers like the Angel of Death, and destroyed almost all of them. What pale goddess of propriety he thought he was placating one can only imagine. But in any case, a reader who has passed through the 283 pages of Lear correspondence provided by Ms. Noakes is unlikely to find himself crying out for more.

The editor has carried out to admiration her roles as selector of the correspondence, presenter and annotator of the texts. The Oxford University Press has created an elegant and attractive volume illustrated with many Lear caricatures (some of the landscapes are too tiny to be useful, but that could be the fault of the artist, who in his letters often drew small and scratchy). In addition to a literate introduction and a handy list of letters, the volume is furnished with a chronology, a compact biographical register, a most copious index, and nearly 40 pages of unobtrusive notes. What can be done for Lear as a correspondent has been done, and very well indeed. And it should be said that his accounts of travel in the lawless back country of Albania, Arabia, and India make strong, vivid reading. They have something of the truculent English oddness of George Borrow's *The Bible in Spain* (1843), the memoirs of a very cool customer in some very tight situations. But that said, there's an awful lot of inert matter to be plowed through.

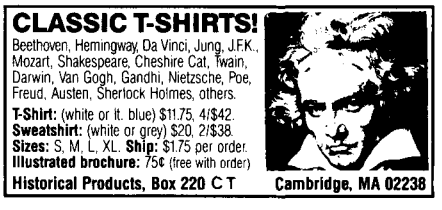
The worst of this is simply chitchat, social fiddle-faddle. I saw Lady Waffle-done the other day, and she says the vicar's daughter is looking very poorly lately, the climate of Outer Puddleby cannot agree with her, *und so weiter*. Algernon sends his regards, and do thank Percival for his good wishes, and would he like to buy another watercolor at a special rate? Between footnotes and the biographical register it's sometimes possible (though by no means always) to figure out who's being alluded to at any given point. What's harder is to figure out a reason for caring about any of this stuff. Most of Lear's friends and acquaintances (let's put it gently) were more distinguished socially than intellectually. During their lifetime, they were chiefly of interest to one another, and now, a century after their deaths, who cares?

The correspondence dwells recurrently on the state of Lear's health, the convenience or inconvenience of his living arrangements, his need for money, and his programs for getting it. It includes representative bits of moping, and some charmingly playful letters full of the half-childish fun that was his defense against "the morbids." One rather awful letter written from Venice in 1857 stands out. Perhaps better than anything else, it explains why Lear spent his life in the grungy suburbs of art:

> Well—this morning, I suppose I must so far sacrifice to propriety as to go & see some 'pictures.' Very few I intend to see. All the best I know by copies: & looking into the Guide book I see 'This is one of the best specimens of Tintoretto's corrupter style,—or his blue style—or Basano's green style—or somebody else's hoshy boshy lovely beautiful style—all looked on and treated as so many artificialities—, & not the least as more or less representing nature. The presentation of Christ in the Temple—with Venetian Doges & Senator's dresses—& Italian palaces in the background!—fibs is fibs—wrapped up in pretty color or not.—and besides—looking at pictures wearies me always. It is quite hard enough work to try to make them. So I shall go & see the portraits of the Doges—& then get away from Venice as soon as I can, thanking my fates I need not come back.

The crowning tassel on this dunce's cap is probably that sentence, "All the best I know by copies," before which commentary stands mute and aghast.

The biography and the correspondence together inevitably send one back to the collected works of Edward Lear—in bulk a far less ominous undertaking. He began by writing little poems like limericks (and often so called) for the Earl of Derby's offspring, but different from limericks in the nature and function of the concluding line. The classic limerick generally achieves in its last line a flick of wit, an apparently unmakeable rhyme, or a triumphant indecency—sometimes all three. Lear's last lines are notably flat, almost always merely repeating his first lines. They don't have much claim to being "nonsense" verse,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either, since they commonly use regular English vocabulary and syntax to describe fanciful events. The most widely circulated and delightful of his "nonsense" poems is "The Owl and the Pussycat," which is no more nonsense than any other beast fable. It is in fact your universal romantic ballad only slightly modified by the animal costumes. In the same way, Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" is the universal story of heroic quest touched with only a little more than the normal looniness.

Though Lear and Carroll were contemporaries and surely read one another's fantasy books, there is no record that they ever met and not much likelihood that they would have appreciated one another's company. Both were bachelors with repressed hankerings after forbidden fruit. Both cultivated a deep streak of melancholy, not unlike that of Mr. Badger in *The Wind in the Willows*. But Carroll's fantasies commonly verge on the nightmare world, with trials at law, bewildered wanderings and sadistic shape-changings. Lear's are shorter and happier.

They generally take the shape of a joyous liberation, an escape. Less well known than "The Owl and the Pussycat" are the Jumblies who sailed away in a sieve (perhaps emulating various witches, including the one in *Macbeth*) to the hills of Chankly Bore, where they had a wonderful time. Even better fun is the ballad of "The Nutcracker and the Sugar Tongs," who one day got tired of their dull domestic functions and decided, rashly and impetuously, to go horseback riding. All the other pieces of furniture in the house were sure the venture would end disastrously, but the two rogues were admirably structured, anatomically, to sit on a horse. So first they galloped delightedly around the town, and then they dashed through the gate, and they never came back, ever any more.

This kind of scalawag, runaway humor is the very best of Lear, and it's too bad there wasn't more of it. But he didn't write for the long attention span. Contrasted with Carroll's, Lear's fantasy was lighter and his sense of the absurd less oppressive. He's for the three-to-six set, where Carroll belongs to the more somber eight-to-12 crowd. As for people who can't read *Alice* without interpretive assistance from serious commentators like Martin Gardner, they have not yet descended on "The Pobble Who Has No Toes," but no doubt the time is fast approaching.

ROBERT M. ADAMS

Robert M. Adams has just completed *Shakespeare: The First Four Romances* (W. W. Norton), to be published later this year.

GO INDIRECTLY TO JAIL

Crimes of Justice
by David C. Anderson

(Times Books, 327 pp., $17.95)

Questioning Authority
by David L. Bazelon

(Knopf, 325 pp., $19.95)

Theories of criminal justice, like much else, follow waves of fashion. The view that prevailed during the Reagan era was predictably conservative; it favored aggressive policing, tougher judges, longer sentences, and it was less concerned about the rights of the accused. After eight years, the record is mixed at best. Crime rates have dropped somewhat, but not consistently, and no one is really sure that the tougher policies deserve the credit. Meanwhile, the nation's prisons are overflowing, and there's no budget for building new cells as fast as the courts are sentencing convicts.

The conservative tide is not yet out, but it is ebbing, and the overburdened court and prison system is in dire need of better ideas. Unfortunately, the orthodox liberal view offers no clear alternative. Americans are even less prepared now than they were during the 1970s to attempt the sweeping social and economic reforms that liberals have traditionally claimed are needed to address the "root causes" of crime. Enter, at this uncertain juncture, David L. Bazelon and David C. Anderson with two new books on criminal justice reform, both more interesting as symptoms of the current quandary than as cures.

An editorial writer for the *New York Times* and former publisher of two criminal justice magazines, Anderson has observed two decades of ferment and experimentation in criminology. Once an idealistic liberal (a former Peace Corps volunteer and self-described "urban pioneer" who helped reclaim a Brooklyn slum in the 1960s), he was politically chastened during the '70s and '80s. For him and his family, unlike for some neoconservatives, the really instructive muggings were quite tangible: a stolen car radio, a snatched purse, a knife drawn on the way to the subway. And his experience left a legacy of outrage that colors his reformist outlook with a visceral urge to punish criminals more harshly.

David Bazelon, by contrast, is an unreconstructed liberal. A former judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia (often called the nation's second most important court), he made a career of criticizing the criminal justice system and crusading on behalf of underprivileged defendants. *Questioning Authority* is a collection of 35 years of writings—opinions, articles, correspondence. It reads today like a message in a bottle washed up on the shore from another era.

These books share certain fundamental assumptions. Both reject the orthodox conservative approach outlined most persuasively in recent decades in James Q. Wilson's *Thinking about Crime*. Crime, they insist, cannot be much reduced by stern police measures, or by fixed prison terms intended to alter the cost-benefit calculations that supposedly run through the heads of would-be offenders. Indeed, both argue, it is all but impossible to alter the crime rate by tinkering with methods of law enforcement.

Such a thesis sounds grimly defeatist, but it is more or less conventional wisdom on the left of the criminological spectrum. The argument is rooted in numbers. No matter how efficiently it functions, the criminal justice system touches the lives of only a small percentage of offenders. Of the millions of crimes committed across America each year, only about one-half are reported;

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only 20 percent of those lead to arrest; and less than one-sixth of those arrested go to prison. Conservatives have struggled vainly to change these percentages. Bazelon and Anderson would not even try. "Trying to control crime is something like trying to fine-tune the economy," writes Anderson. "Police, courts, and prisons exert only uncertain and imprecise influence; changing them may affect levels of crime only marginally."

WHY WRITE a book, then, about reforming the criminal justice system? The reason, for both Bazelon and Anderson, has to do with what they call "values" and "messages": they want to change the powerful signals about social norms conveyed to the public by the treatment of criminals. This is hardly a new idea, nor is it a uniquely liberal one; all theories of criminal justice call for at least some trumpeting of social values. The question, as the Reagan era fades, is *which* values exactly ought to be reinforced. Both Anderson and Bazelon are groping for answers, with mixed results.

Anderson's book, which draws on numerous recent studies by scholars and law enforcement officials, is the more serious blueprint for change. Most of the programs he discusses are modest in scale. Anderson would encourage police to act more like social workers and Peace Corps community organizers. Instead of merely patrolling and arresting the occasional criminal, cops might help a neighborhood fix its street lights, reclaim abandoned lots, build recreational facilities, install better locks on the doors of its houses. For those criminals who are apprehended, he would like to see more "intensive" and better supervised probation and counseling, as well as electronically monitored house arrest and work programs in which felons would earn money to make restitution payments to victims. Finally, for those who do end up in prison, Anderson would create extensive work programs: "real work for real pay"—not the usual substandard prison wages—also to be used for restitution payments.

It's difficult to tell whether these programs would work. Many have already been tried, though usually in small-scale local experiments: an isolated neighborhood project or a single judge's quirky personal crusade. Anderson can offer only anecdotal success stories, and he gives little thought to the problems (expense, bureaucracy, dehumanization) that are likely to arise in trying to translate these shoestring experiments into larger state or federal programs. Indeed, it is precisely the grass-roots origins of these programs that most recommend them. They arise out of real neighborhood needs and meet specific problems in simple ways—usually involving more individual attention to each would-be criminal or defendant. They are pragmatic rather than doctrinal, aimed at deterring or reclaiming criminals by reintegrating them into their own local communities. Most are also relatively inexpensive. And as Anderson argues persuasively, in most cases "the obvious public benefit [ought to] make [the usually small] net extra cost easy to justify to the taxpayers."

Anderson has assembled an impressive package of reforms, but he fails to sell them as effectively as he might. For all his preachy talk about values, he is not particularly eloquent about the "signals" he would like the system to send. He says little about the bourgeois values at the heart of his best proposals: the dignity of work, the security that comes with a sense of community. And the message that he does harp on—the importance of punishment—comes to overwhelm the other, subtler themes of the book. Of course sanctions are an important way to signal what society finds right and wrong. But too often Anderson's own Brooklyn experience—his outrage, his fear, and his powerlessness in the face of neighborhood muggers—skews his rhetoric rightward. And he ends up sounding shrill and overwrought as he returns again and again to the need to "compensate" victims and insists harshly on the importance of making criminals suffer for what they have done.

BAZELON'S *Questioning Authority* is not a concrete program for reform. The writings collected here are fragmentary and repetitive; many of the proposals are impractical and out of date. The judge offers little new evidence on the much debated questions of the causes of crime, asserting merely as an article of faith that poverty and the "culture of poverty" are to blame. His proposals for "income redistribution" and providing "a full safety net" are essentially useless in today's political and fiscal climate. And by his own admission, his lifelong hobbyhorse, a broader interpretation of the insanity defense, has proved largely

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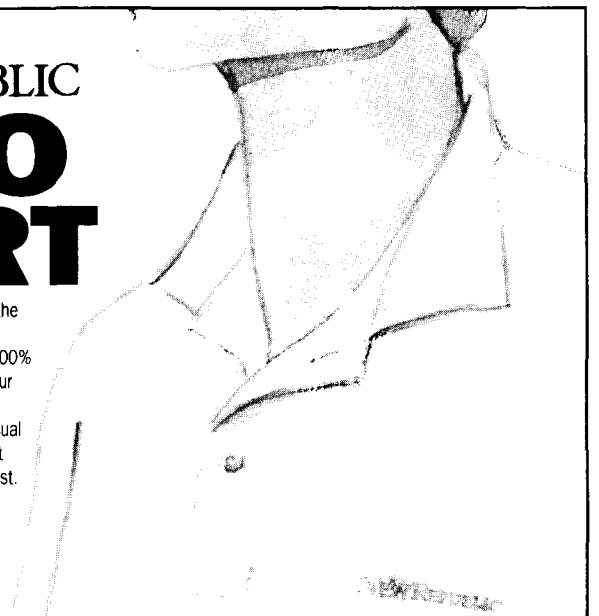

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unworkable in American courts.

But if Bazelon's book lacks practical solutions, it has the one element largely missing from Anderson's work: an explicit and positive moral vision. As Bazelon sees it, justice—not "repressive order"—is the purpose of the law. He dreams of a legal system that commands respect because of its moral authority—an authority that can only be derived from the fairness and decency of law enforcement officials. His overriding goal on the bench was to ensure equality under law by protecting the rights of the accused. And he thought the law could have no moral force as long as the criminal justice system was known for its callous indifference to the humanity of those who pass through it. "Nothing," he quotes a letter from a friend, "so much arouses resentment and contempt for law as arbitrariness and inequality of treatment at the hands of officers of the law."

Bazelon has usefully resurrected these notions from unfashionable limbo, though they are hardly new ideas. The criminal justice system was revolutionized in the late '60s and early '70s by a series of Supreme Court decisions institutionalizing precisely this sort of concern for the rights of the accused. Then Bazelon's passionate interest in fairness fell out of vogue as "victims' rights" overtook "criminals' rights" both in the public eye and in law enforcement circles. It's a shift discernible in Anderson's tone, in the intensity of his anger at the boys who mugged him.

But Anderson's concern to bolster the values of a law-abiding community beset by crime need not conflict with Bazelon's demands for more humane treatment of offenders. The system ought to be able to send both messages; they are both integral components of justice. Punishment need not be dehumanizing to be effective, and even retribution can be justly meted out. There is no tension, really, between the two authors' favorite ideas. Anderson's proposals for strengthening neighborhoods to hedge against crime can surely be reconciled with Bazelon's concern to provide hospitalization rather than imprisonment for obvious mental defectives. Meanwhile, the galloping overcrowding in courts and prisons makes Bazelon's emphasis on decency all the more urgent today. For our own sake and for theirs, we must spend the time and money to avoid the dehumanizing treatment of inmates.

The rhetoric of these two books could hardly be more different: one is filled with vague, old liberal nostrums, the other is bristling with misplaced neoconservative zeal. Yet in the end the two have more in common than their tone suggests. Together they expose the confusions of the liberal vision of criminal justice, but they are also not a bad place to start in updating that vision. On two points in particular, they are surprisingly relevant to the old conundrums swept under the rug by the conservative approach.

The first has to do with what Bazelon calls the "culture of poverty." He raises the "root cause" issue and disappoints because he has no answers. Anderson expresses virtually no interest in this old liberal question. Yet he is toying with a lot of potentially interesting answers—his proposals for police "social work" are directed at precisely the broken communities that traditional liberals identified as the core of the problem. So, too, with the old liberal notion of rehabilitation of criminals, long considered a dead letter among law enforcement officials. Here again, Bazelon talks a good game but has little in the way of practical suggestions, while Anderson's ideas about probation and prison work offer a tantalizing promise of reviving the old ideal. The means are modest, the approach more skeptical, but the "message" and the purpose of the criminal justice system may not be changing so radically after all.

TAMAR JACOBY

Tamar Jacoby is the justice editor of *Newsweek*.

A SHORT LEXICON OF TORTURE IN THE EIGHTIES

That's not a man in pain
but *a Brazilian phone*—
It won't be making any outgoing calls.

That's not a woman sprawling on the floor
But *an old-fashioned dance*,
like the tango.

Pull up a chair with a knotted rope.
Let's have *a tea party with toast*
and *hors d'oeuvres*.

Let's take a seat
on *the parrot's perch*.
Let's rock to *the motorola* with headphones.

Do you want to bathe
in the porcelain tub?
Do you want to sing to *the little hare*?

Let's stroll over to *the guest room*.
Let's take a bus ride
to *the San Juanica bridge*.

Forget the ovens and smokestacks.
Forget *the rack and screw*,
the tiger's cage.

We're celebrating *a birthday party*
in your honor.
We're lighting candles on your favorite cake.

We're taking you to *a parade*
on a sandy beach.
You're going down in *a submarine*.

EDWARD HIRSCH

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

Wright does support day-care subsidies for the poor because "for the lowest economic classes, day care can be no more than institutionalized, and sometimes negligent, baby sitting." For this to be something more than a disguised pitch for income redistribution there must be an implicit assumption that poor parents direct more of their limited budgets away from their children than is socially desirable.

RICHARD M. CANTOR
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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TRB, *from page 4*

cism of the talk show culture. "Bulimia; Bulk Business Mail; Bullwinkle; Bunions and Burning Feet; . . . Cholesterol Testing; Christ's Return; . . . Show Biz Legends; Shroud of Turin; Sibling Relationships . . ."

Then there are the variations on a theme, capturing not so much the diversity but the fragmentation of our society: "Pregnancy; Pregnancy (unmarried); Pregnancy In Politics; Pregnant Careerwomen; . . . Suicide; Suicide Epidemic, Teen; Suicide Prevention; Suicide in Elderly; Suicide in Rural America; Suicide, Assisted; Suicide, Grief of; Suicide, Survivors; Summer Day Camp . . ." Neoconservatives who worry that an overobsession with "rights" is unravelling the national fabric will not enjoy perusing the "R" section, where groups pushing various rights ("Right to Die"; "Right to Life") nestle together between "Retreaded Tires" and "Rings of Saturn."

Although the breadth of American obsessions is impressive, there's a marked depth of proffered expertise in two areas: sex and money. Both is best. The first time I saw the infamous "Morton Downey Junior" show I was innocently flipping through the channels and came across this man looming over a woman in a chair, pointing a cigarette in her face, and screaming, "You're a *whore*! You're a *prostitute*!" Wondering what this poor woman had done to unleash such metaphorical fury, I kept watching and it turned out she really was a prostitute. That was the whole story. They'd found a prostitute to put on TV in order to denounce her as a prostitute. And she was delighted to be there. Something to tell the grandchildren.

Prostitution is, of course, listed in the "Talk Show Directory," where Nevada's famous "Chicken Ranch" has bought a half-page ad offering "Russell Reade, owner and 'Mr. Madam,' . . . an articulate speaker and expert information source. . . ." Under "Sex" (since you ask) there are 18 entries ranging from "Sex/Golf" (not an ad for Dan Quayle) and "Sexual Abuse" to "Sexual Function of Nose" and "Sexuality/Sensuality" (followed by "Shakespeare").

"Never turn down a chance to have sex or go on television," Gore Vidal is supposed to have said. At the rate things are going, people will soon be advertising their availability to do both at the same time. □

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Just Following Orders

NO, NO, Fred Malek is not an anti-Semite just because, as President Nixon's White House personnel director in 1971, he did a nose count (so to speak) of top officials at the Bureau of Labor Statistics on orders from Nixon, who feared that a "Jewish cabal" there was rigging the numbers against him. And George Bush is no anti-Semite for hiring Malek as a high official of his campaign. Nevertheless, it's startling to hear the national director of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League offering the classic Nuremberg defense on Malek's behalf: he was just "carrying out the instructions of an individual who had some of these [anti-Semitic] feelings." Showing great restraint, I'll spare you the Hannah Arendt, but you get the point: unquestioning functionaries can be more dangerous than raving, bug-eyed bigots. The main lesson of the Malek episode, though, as many have pointed out, is a timely reminder of what a snake Nixon was. I was raised on Nixon loathing and even I've had moments lately of puzzlement: "Now remind me again: Why was he so awful?" Thanks, I needed that.

BUT GEORGE BUSH shouldn't get off scot-free. This episode is also a timely reminder of the continuity between Nixon and Bush. Any number of prominent Republicans today have managed to escape accountability for their roles—or, at the very least, their unprotesting acquiescence—in the bundle of constitutional affronts known as Watergate. Bush himself was Nixon's chairman of the Republican National Committee, chosen as Watergate was heating up for precisely the kind of ask-no-questions loyalty that belatedly got Malek in trouble. He defended Nixon to within days of the bitter end, displaying the same scrappy defiance he is now using to such effective advantage in the campaign. Bush's near-perfect record of loyalty as a substitute for any set of consistent political values is what, today, permits him to pick and choose just the right combination at the political salad bar.

ON SEPTEMBER 13 Bush added a particularly odious twist to one of his favorite demagogic thrusts. "I am not a card-carrying member of the ACLU," he said, adding: "I am for the people." The Civil Liberties Union, in other words, is not merely wrong on various policy matters, or even philosophically wrong. It is "against the people"—a logically absurd, though politically powerful, accusation against an organization dedicated to minority rights. A man who could talk this way seriously really could be an anti-Semite. Of course, it's ridiculous to engage in this sort of close textual analysis of anything Bush says off-the-cuff (which is practically nothing these days). Uncontrolled, he's a babbler. That also is a function of having no genuine set of beliefs. Like a windup toy, he inevitably goes too far in whatever direction his handlers point him. But it's hardly an excuse for a man who would be president that he has no control over what he's saying.

MY COLLEAGUE Charles Krauthammer has an entertaining essay in the September 19 *Time* magazine deploring the exploitation of family and children by political candidates of both parties. But it's not just politicians. The other day's *Washington Post* carried a large ad on page two trumpeting the virtues of a charity called Variety Clubs International, "solely devoted to helping sick, handicapped, and underprivileged children around the world." A fine organization, no doubt. And only a cynic could suppose that the ad's sponsors—"The Drexel Burnham Lambert Foundation and The Milken Family Foundation"—were motivated by anything other than the purest love for the distressed little children of the world. Or that the ad's timing—just five days after the SEC filed insider-trading charges against Drexel Burnham and Michael Milken—is anything other than a coincidence. Perhaps if Drexel and Milken had been just a tiny bit less distracted by their concern for children, they wouldn't have allowed their affairs to get out of hand in the way that is now bringing them so much grief.

BACK TO BUSH. Did you see that he helped to found a halfway house into which criminals were released early from Texas prisons? In 1981 a resident raped and murdered a minister's wife. (Imagine what the Bushies would do with *that* p.r. triple play?) The next year Bush praised the early release program as a "tremendous example" of volunteerism. I'm shocked at this compassion for criminals in callous disregard for ministers' wives and other innocent victims of crime. Ronald Reagan, as governor, supervised a prison furlough system almost as broad as Massachusetts's. In 1972 a furloughed criminal murdered a policeman. Reagan later praised the California program as "a great success." Another criminal coddler, I guess. Maybe it's reassuring to learn that Bush is just a hypocrite, not an ogre. But as with the ACLU business, at least for the duration of the campaign I intend to take him at his word.

AND HOW ABOUT that Zbigniew Brzezinski, going for the John Connally award of 1988 by announcing his support for Bush? (And setting himself up for Frank Mankiewicz's great crack about Connally's conversion to the GOP in 1972: "It raises the intellectual level of both parties.") Zbig is distressed by, among other things, Dukakis's lack of foreign policy experience. If a similar lack gave him any qualms about going to work for Jimmy Carter in 1976, he kept them to himself. Of course, Carter had Zbig to guide him, and Zbig may have been influenced by the realization that Dukakis was not planning to take similar advantage of his wisdom. As Mary McGrory pointed out in the *Washington Post*, it's odd that Bush should be bragging about the allegiance of the national security adviser to a president whose foreign policy he has been describing in such unflattering terms. But logical consistency is beside the point. After all, Zbig is not alone in emphasizing Dukakis's alleged need for "on-the-job training." It's a Bush favorite. (Bush has had the experience of watching foreign policy being made. There's no evidence he's ever made any himself. It's like applying for a job as a chef and claiming as qualification that you've seen Julia Child on TV.) Who would have guessed, in 1980, that Republicans would someday decide that the governorship of a major state was inadequate preparation for the White House? Question for Bush in the debate: Does the record of the past eight years prove or disprove your thesis?

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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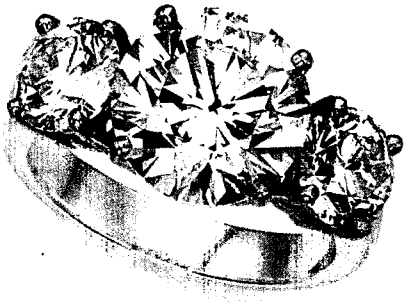

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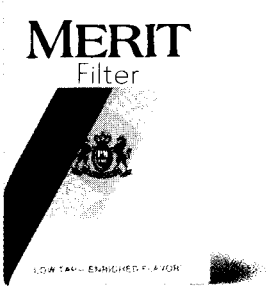

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